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The Bystander, June 22, 1932

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LORD AND LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH

Lismore, Co. Waterford, Ireland, has gained what London and New York lost when Miss Adele Astaire was married to Lord Charles Cavendish, for she has given up the stage for good, and she and her husband are going to live permanently in Ireland

The Tennis Ball for Charity

Lady Crosfield's Party at Highgate

Lady Crosfield organised her annual Lawn-Tennis Exhibition last week at West Hill, Highgate, in aid of the North Islington Welfare Centre, when the matches were watched by a large crowd of notables, including Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone. Above are Mr. Quinton Craig and Lady Georgina Curzon

Lady Kathleen Willoughby, one of the competitors in the tournament

Miss Jean Follet (left) and Miss de Rothschild at Lady Crosfield's Tennis Party, when the weather was very kind

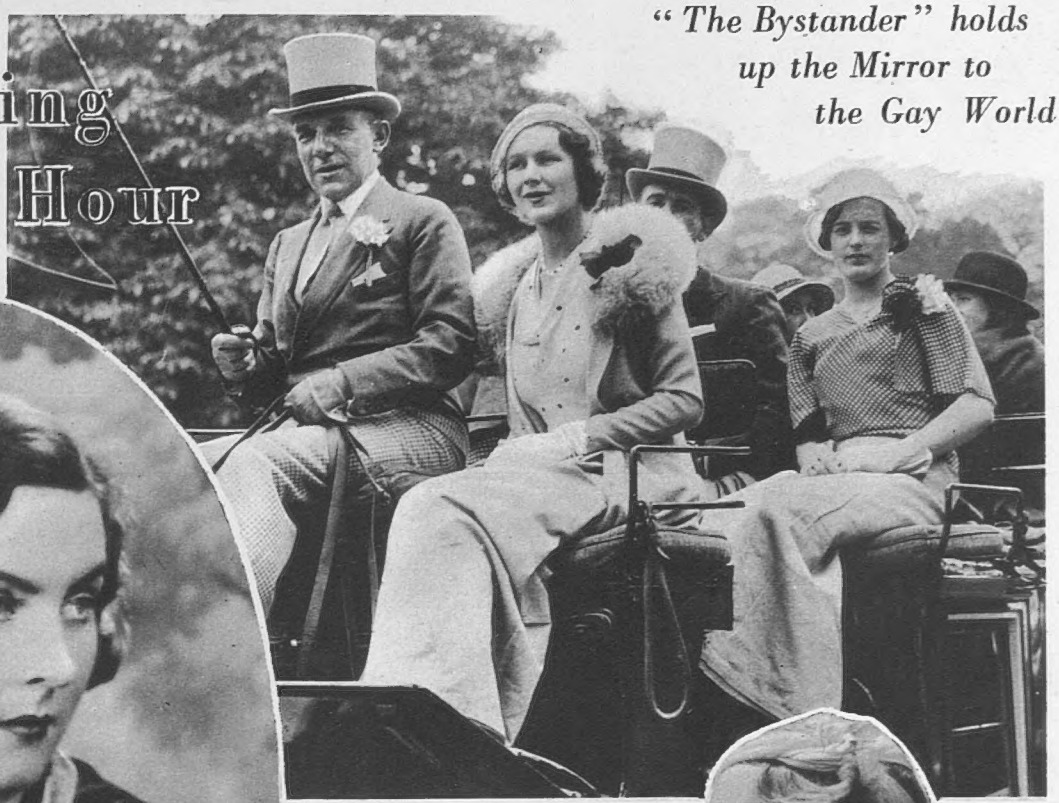
Miss Paravicini and Lord Curzon, who were also among the competitors invited to play at West Hill

Colonel Dudley, one of the tallest of tennis players, and Mme. Gerke

Lady Alington (left) prepared for the fray with Lady Carew-Pole

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World



Mr. Horace Smith, Miss Skimming, and Miss Noble taking part in the Coaching Marathon. Mr. Smith won the Silver Cup for the best coach, harness, and equipment

Yvonne Gregory

Left: Miss Angela du Boulay, daughter of the late Col. H. du Boulay and Mrs. du Boulay, who is engaged to Mr. Iain Murray, Sir Malcolm Murray's son. Sir Malcolm Murray is Comptroller to the Duke of Connaught.

Mrs. Woolley-Hart arriving at Ascot on the first day, wearing one of the fashionable "split" hats, and armed with sun-glasses. Mrs. Woolley-Hart is one of the most hospitable of London's hostesses

Miss Angela du Boulay

"WHO is Rosemary? Wha-a-at is she?" was the universal variation of the old ballad that one heard bandied about on all sides in the Royal Enclosure on the opening day at Ascot. The answer was "Miss Rosemary Glyn." Some people thought she was a walking advertisement for a dressmaker's shop. Others said that she was trying to be a feminine version of an eighteenth-century Eton boy on June 4. Nobody could miss her outstanding costume and the huge lettering of "Rosemary" on her hat.

THERE were many other very striking figures at Ascot, so striking, indeed, that they nearly knocked one down. For instance, there was the bride and her bridesmaid—quite transparent, my dear, when the sun was in the wrong quarter. Why *do* people do things like that? Miss Margaret Whigham in her very plain dark-blue marocain dress was a great disappointment to the photographers, who were even more in evidence than usual. Her sole touch of originality was the use of a diamond clip on her pale-blue gauntlets.

THIS lack of originality was distinctly unfair to the photographers, who all know Miss Whigham by sight and are certain of catching a celebrity when they snap her, and do not waste plates on securing someone they believe to be Lady X, only to discover afterwards that the well-dressed woman is Mrs. Smith of Peckham.

THE real hero of Ascot was Arthur Fawcett, who was making his début as handicapper at Ascot. Mr. Dawkins had done it for so long, but Mr. Dawkins has never had such a success as Mr. Fawcett, with his dead-heat in the Ascot Stakes and his series of head wins, both on Tuesday and Wednesday. It was good to see Brown Jack galloping round again. Ascot would not be itself without this game horse.

THE two prettiest girls I saw were Miss Sylvia Regis de Oliveira and Miss Kathleen Horlick. Their dark beauty was a delight. Lady Buchanan-Jardine wore a highly conspicuous hat of

At Ascot last week: Miss L. Lloyd and Mrs. Howard Winter leaving one of the Club lunch tents. It must be many summers since Ascot was blessed daily with such perfect weather

Miss Nancy Godwin and Mr. R. M. Villiers, the Cameronians, after their wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Miss Godwin is the daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles and Lady Godwin

Above: Lady Anne Wellesley and Lady Janet Montgomerie at the Rose of Empire Ball, which was held at Grosvenor House in aid of the National Institute for the Blind

Left: Lady Jersey and Mr. J. Mason, at the Ascot Ball given in aid of the King Edward Hospital, Windsor, last week, at which the Prince of Wales was present

Edwardian design. Lord Beatty was so depressed that his was not tilted. Mr. Willy Vanderbilt escorted Mrs. Cecil Pim. Fred Astaire was with a pretty girl. His sister and brother-in-law were there, but I did not see them.

THE Ranee of Sarawak's two girls have grown into very beautiful young women, though they were dressed in rather a ballet way. Lord Brougham and Vaux hurried about in slim restlessness. Sir Chartres Biron meditated, in a grey morning coat, on the delinquencies of the welshers whom he was trying in the little red-brick court-house at the back of the Grand Stand. The Dowager Lady Airlie was, as usual, the handsomest woman present.

THE Yellow Earl and his yellow motor-car were not seen at the Meeting until its closing stages. Lady Joan Villiers has been ordered a rest cure. Sir Walter Gilbey's hat bobbed to and fro in the paddock. Mr. Bunkle remained as stolid and verdant-green as ever by the judges' box. Mrs. Vernet wore a green hat instead of her red one. One girl wore long diamond and sapphire ear-rings. Another wore a poke bonnet.

THE champagne bar took the place of that tree as the regular rendezvous. The purple Tote tickets strewed the paddock, and one or two even sullied the green expanse of the Royal Enclosure. Miss Isabel MacCreery told me that her father's very fast three-year-old Feroukh is being kept for Goodwood. The number of people who did not exchange their Ascot vouchers for badges until they arrived on the spot was much higher than ever before. The Southern Railway reports that, on the first day at least, there was only a drop of five per cent. in passengers on last year.

THE Prince of Wales did not wait for the Royal Procession's departure. No doubt he went off for a round of golf at Wentworth, where he parked his clubs the previous day after playing Mr. John Taylor. He lost the first four holes to the latter, then did six holes in one under bogey, and beat him three up and two to go.

Lady Jersey and Mr. J. Mason

THE night life of Ascot becomes more marked every year. There were dances and parties every night, as well as visits to the Tattoo, where Major Brocas Burrowes, who married Miss Gwen Le Bas, did the reciting through a loud-speaker. There was the Ball at Great Fosters, while Douglas Byng has been entertaining people at Maidenhead, and the dance given by Lord and Lady Camrose for Miss Sheila Berry at Long Cross, Barrow Hills, was the best of the season.

THERE were fifty people invited for dinner, which started at 9.15, owing to the late arrival of Lady Pamela Smith and her escort. Among those at dinner were Miss Rose Bingham in black velvet,

Three of the guests at Lady Camrose's dance at Ascot last week: the Hon. Drogo Montagu, Lady Ashley and Sir Henry Birkin. Further photographs are shown on pages 560 and 561

Miss Margaret Elwes and Mr. Eric Sandars, married last week at Westminster Cathedral. Miss Elwes is the daughter of the late Gervase Elwes, and is herself a fine singer

Lady Myrtle Jellicoe, daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and Countess Jellicoe, and Mr. Lionel Maxwell Balfour, leaving All Souls', Langham Place, after their wedding

Lady Mary Lygon in white, with a garland of twisted white flowers round her neck, Lady Mary Erskine, and her brother, Lord Poulett, and Lady Bridgett, who sat next to Lord Curzon and Miss Eileen Brougham.

MANY of London's smartest young men were present, including Mr. Hubert Duggan, Mr. Aidan Crawley, Mr. David Rhys, and Lord Moore. Lord and Lady Camrose received the guests in the morning-room, and at dinner presided at the two long tables. Dancing continued till the early hours of the morning to Jack Harris's band, the leader himself arriving about 3 a.m. as the cabaret started. The attractive gardens were wonderfully illuminated with hundreds of bulbs, and guests took advantage of the warm evening for long peregrinations in the woods, with the result that there were many "cut" dances. One young lady in white caused a lot of comment as she danced with an attractive middle-aged man with white hair.

BOTTLE parties seem to be becoming popular. Lady Joan Villiers gave one last week, and Mr. John Paget and Sir Stephen Bull are giving one next Friday at their house in Half Moon Street. Guests who arrive without bringing a bottle are rather like gate-crashers, and do their best to avoid the hosts on arrival. Meantime, everyone is looking forward to the dance to be given by Lady Rothschild to-night at her house in Piccadilly. It is bad luck that Miss Liberty Rothschild is to have her tonsils removed this week, which will prevent her attending the dance for Miss Nico Rothschild.

LORD and Lady Jersey entertained a party at Osterley for Ascot which included Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley, and Mrs. Richards, Lady Moira Forbes, and Sir Anthony Weldon. Lord Jersey has made some wonderful improvements to the gardens at Osterley, which include two lily ponds and a new lawn at the front of the house. Lady Jersey looked most attractive at the Camroses' dance in blue satin.

WHO else was to be seen at Ascot? Well, there was Lord Carnarvon, advising people to back King Salmon, and Sir Keith Fraser, who bred Totaig, and, of course, the beaming Aga Khan, and Lady Rosebery in silver fox, and Miss Winifred Paget, tall and cool, and Mr. Iain Murray and Miss Angela du Boulay receiving congratulations on their engagement, and Lord Digby in a grey morning coat, and Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine in another quite exquisite one, and Lady Diana Wellesley in a spotted dress, and Lord Ellesmere in a beige linen waistcoat.

BY the way, I wonder how many people know how the winner of the Hunt Cup got his name? I think Sir Keith Fraser, when he chose it, must have had in his mind's eye one of the most beautiful spots in the whole of Scotland, for Totaig is a lovely little landing-stage situated at the mouth of Loch Duich, in Ross-shire, where it is joined by Loch Alsh and Loch Long. Above the landing-stage are the remains of a Pictish castle, which are sufficiently well preserved to show how extremely small the members of this bellicose race must have been. The sea-fishing in these parts is extraordinarily good.

ONE of the best parties of the week was given by Mr. David Tennant at his club, the Gargoyle. Lord Cecil Douglas was there, and Sir Hugh Smiley, who, I gather, is engaged, and Miss Nancy Mitford, who is writing another book, and the Ruthven Twins—Mrs. Barran and Mrs. Peter Davies. They wore the same clothes, but now that Mrs. Davies has darker hair, it is easy to distinguish them.

THE occasion was the appearance of the Hill-Gillies and the introduction of Yo-Yo to the Club, with a prize of two bottles of champagne for the best performer. It was easily won by a member of the band. Mrs. Tennant (Hermione Baddeley) is soon returning to the stage. She is going on the Moss Empire circuit in the sketch, *Waiting for the Bus*. Afterwards, she and her husband are going to the Salsburg Festival, and then on to Italy for a motor tour.

THE Embassy has had its quota of guests despite Ascot house-parties. Lady Brecknock was there the other night, and so was Mr. Douglas Stuart, who ordered a bottle of champagne and seemed highly satisfied with the results of the racing. Major Courtauld was another guest. It was rather pleasant not being overcrowded, for a squash is no joke in this hot weather.

MORE and more interest is being aroused by the party of eighty which is being made up for the flying trip to Rheims next Tuesday to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the discovery of champagne. The guests are going in six giant air-liners, as well as a number of privately owned machines, and include Lady Londonderry, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Lord Inverclyde, and Mr. Edward Tatham. Starting after breakfast they will be back by dinner, the flight taking only two hours and ten minutes.

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

Mrs. Loudon McLean (right) at the dance which she gave recently at her house in Park Street, with her daughter, Miss Isobel McLean (left), and Miss Ginette Hart

Three of the guests at Mrs. Loudon McLean's dance: Lord Amherst sitting out with Miss Griselda Stewart and Mr. Erland D'Abo

HOW many people have identification marks which would easily identify them in the case of emergency? Lady Ashley has a brown mark on the back of her neck; Miss Rose Bingham has a mole on her cheek; Miss Isobel McLean has a gold tooth; Mrs. Colclough has two deep dimples in her shoulders, and someone we know has a strawberry mark, just like the Princess in the fairy tales, but as it is hidden, I won't give her away.

Miss Diana Gould and the Hon. Eileen Hood, Lord Bridport's sister, at the dance. Miss Gould is the First Nun in "The Miracle"

WHY do all the lovely young things copy each other? They have all burst into sky-blue at the moment. Lady Hindlip looks most chic in her blue boater, but I don't care for Lady Jersey's satin evening dress: it is rather "bitty," with bows and sun-ray pleating and blue fur.

WHO is the best-dressed young man in London? An important question this time of year with Ascot behind and Lord's before us. There seems no one on the married list to rival Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine, who has held the prize for ages. Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith is smart; so are the Ward twins at times. One might mention Sir Hugh Smiley, and, of course, Sir Philip Sassoon should be included. On the whole, I think Mr. Arthur Margesson, Chief Whip, should get a prize—but no! I'd forgotten, he is married. Then Mr. Philip Yorke wins the bachelor stakes for the best-dressed man.

SIR HUGO CUNLIFFE-OWEN'S Ascot party was, I hear, the greatest fun. His charming wife has a great sense of humour, and is also a good hostess. The Carnarvons were with them and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and her husband. How tall Sir Brograve Beauchamp looks when he walks beside his wife, his brother-in-law, and his sister-in-law; they are all so short and Sir Brograve is unusually tall.

I HEAR a pretty, dark ex-deb. refused him again at Ascot. It's a pity that her dearest enemy managed to find out so soon.

GIRLS, do be careful of cloakrooms. A young married has told a much-run-after peer what she overheard one of his sweeties saying.

WHO is the best young hostess? I was asked. Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton is good, but rather overwhelmingly effusive; Mrs. Peter Horlick only fair; Mrs. Drury-Lowe not good; Lady Veronica Blackwood very sweet and tries hard; Lady Jersey rather shy; Lady Hindlip ordinary. On the whole, I think Lady Weymouth is the most perfect of all young hostesses.

VISCOUNTESS DE JANZÉ always wears gloves in the evening, which cover her lovely hands. She is so ethereal and faery-tale-looking. How disappointing lovely spirituelle beauties can be! The Marquise de Casa Maury, who is causing so much excitement at the moment, is so very other-worldish to look at, and one feels that Lady Howe should always sit on a cloud and never stoop towards the mountains.

WILL the famous brother of a famous sister marry a lovely ex-married American or not? Sorry! I believe I should put it the other way round.

WHAT a nice, comfortable, and quite huge new ermine coat the little friend of a young gentleman from India has.

I THINK one of the most interesting-looking people in London is Mrs. Roland Cubitt—quite famous as Sonia Keppel. However old she gets, she will never cease to be attractive and make people want to know her. Some unusual people have the opposite effect on one. Of course, I am speaking of first impressions.

I HEAR rumours that a certain baronet's romance is over. No, no, it cannot be true. It could not have been just a "flash in the pan."

WHAT friends bright Mr. Quintin Gilbey and clever Sir Robert Throckmorton are! They seem to be doing the season together. They are often with Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, a couple who one sees here, there, and everywhere. Mrs. Drury-Lowe is very pretty, with long eyelashes but uneven teeth.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Iain Murray on his engagement to Miss Angela Du Boulay. She is so nice, and loves anything to do with racing. She has been studying the rearing and training side at West Grinstead Park. There have been lots of rumours of her brother's engagement to all sorts of important people, but they have not materialised.

MY full marks this week go to the Marquise de Casa Maury for having the courage of her convictions.

One of the many house-parties given last week for Ascot was Mrs. George Hay Whigham's, at Queen's Hill. Above are some of her party: Mr. C. Moore, Miss Margaret Whigham, Mr. Sweeney, Mrs. Hollway, Mr. Quintin Gilbey, Miss Vaughan, and Sir Robert Throckmorton

Right: Mr. C. Moore, bringing Mr. Quintin Gilbey to the camera by brute force, Sir Robert Throckmorton helping with threats, and Miss Margaret Whigham not taking either side

An Unwilling Victim

Right: Mrs. George Hay Whigham (left) with three of her guests for Ascot Week: Mr. Sweeney (behind her), Mr. C. Moore, and Mrs. Little

At Queen's Hill

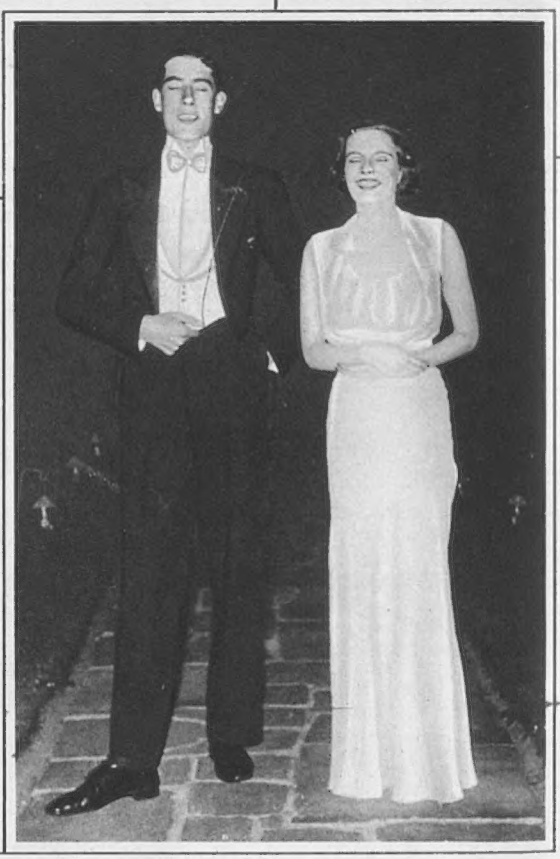
Mrs. Whigham's Ascot Party

Lady Camrose's Ascot

Above: Lady Caroline Paget, Mr. Ian Fleming, and Mrs. Ronald Balfour at supper at Barrow Hills

Top left: Mr. John Smiley and Miss Florence Scheftel at Lady Camrose's dance for her daughter, the Hon Sheila Berry.

Left: Mrs. Peter Horlick and Mr. Stewart Gilkison at the dance, which was a big event of Ascot Week



Mr. More-O'Ferrall having supper with Lady Veronica Hornby, whose mother-in-law, Mrs. St. John Hornby, was one of the dinner hostesses before the dance

Miss C. Russell and Mr. H. Phillips in the garden at Barrow Hills, which was wonderfully illuminated

Week Dance

Some of the Guests at Barrow Hills

Below: Lady Janet Montgomerie, Mr. John Findlay, and the Hon. Sheila Berry, for whom the dance was given by her mother

Above: Another supper-party, at which can be seen Miss Sheila Foster, Sir Thomas Watson, Miss Nico Rothschild, Mr. Warrington, and Lady Pamela Smith

Miss Elizabeth Darell and Mr. Alastair Balfour. Mrs. Darrell was another of those who gave a dinner-party earlier in the evening

Miss Rose Bingham, who was a guest at Lady Camrose's large dinner-party before the dance, and Mr. Peter Horlick

The Ascot Cavalcade

By "Regular"

Lord Feversham and the Hon. Anne Wood, only daughter of Lord Irwin, seen in the Paddock at Ascot

THE prospect of having to tell you all about everybody at Ascot is one that has terrified me all the summer. For nights I lay awake, realising only too well how unequal I was to the task. Suddenly I was struck with a brain-wave—one of those rare flashes of brilliance which come spasmodically to even the dullest of us. I would enlist the aid of the loveliest of all the lovelies. Unlike most women, she is extremely tolerant of her fellow females; she has very decided opinions about them, but she is never uncharitable. Of men she is less decided. More than once has she plunged the whole crowd of Deb's Delights into the deepest gloom, fearing they were going to lose her, but she has changed her mind.

ONE'S car wends slowly up the drive. What Heaven to have arrived at last! The journey down has been a nightmare—a solid block of traffic all the way from Staines. After such an ordeal the peace and beauty of the grounds are welcome indeed. One disembarks prepared to spend a peaceful hour, drinking in free the delights of a charming country estate, before one migrates to the neighbouring racecourse where the more serious business of the day commences, and costs you thirty shillings a bottle.

OF a sudden one realises that all is not well. Fierce cries denote that men are in mortal combat, and behind a flower-bed one espies two figures locked in a death-like embrace—the scene suggests one of the Hon. David Tennant's all-in wrestling nights at the Gargoyle. What can it all mean?

ON the lawn lie two discarded cameras, and around the two combatants flits the loveliest figure you have ever seen. "Please don't fight and you shall both photograph us as much as you like."

NEED I say the speaker is Miss Margaret Whigham and the battle royal concerns two Press photographers, for the sole right to photograph the Whigham house-party before it trots off to the lobsters and strawberries?

"PHOTOGRAPH hour" is a busy hour indeed at Queen's Hill, Ascot—the two photographers, still showing unmistakeable traces of their recent conflict, "snap" Miss Whigham and her guests in every conceivable pose—the Sleeping Baronet "Before champagne," "After champagne," and "After more champagne," proves a delightful study, and would be an adornment to the scrap-book of any lovely or Deb.'s Delight—who, of course, hates publicity, but subscribes to Press Cuttings.

HURRY up, my sweet, or we'll miss the Royal Procession. Here it comes. We agree that the Royal Family are quite divine; yes, and so are the grey horses, and so 's that man riding the front one. We think Lord Harewood very Royal!

NO, I couldn't eat any more strawberries yet; let 's walk in the paddock. There goes the Duke of Marlborough. The fact that his Grace won the St. James's Palace Stakes—worth £6000—proved some slight compensation to him for the unusual costume adopted by his eldest son. No, we didn't think much of Lord Blandford's bizarre turn-out. Here comes Mrs. Cecil Pim, looking grand; and Lady Brougham and Vaux in black made one forget all about the Hunt Cup. Katherine Horlick, another sight for sore eyes, passes us. We like her turn-out tremendously.

MICHAEL BEARY comes up to us and tells HER that he is sure to win on both Udaipur and Dastur. He wins on both. D——n the strawberries! If it hadn't been for them, we 'd have had a good win on both.

THE Horlicks, she sheltering behind a pair of outsized eyelashes, and he mildly complacent under a grey top-hat, next pass us, and another couple of "young marrieds," in the Drury-Lowes, add to the decoration of the proceedings. Mrs. Drury-Lowe is quite our best-looking "Regular," and the competition of so many "Irregulars" at Ascot holds no terrors for her.

LADY JERSEY next approaches HER. We agree she looks divine in green. She tells us that she has been unable to induce her husband to come racing. Unlike his late father, he has no time for racing, and will make any excuse to stay at home.

Lord and Lady Grimthorpe at Ascot, snapped as they were leaving the popular Buck's Club Tent

THERE goes Lady Carnarvon. I always think she looks grand. She *did* appear to be enjoying herself at Lady Camrose's party. What a pity "Porchy's" horse, King Salmon, didn't run into a place. His failure was terribly "pocket-emptying."

AT the aforementioned party, Mr. Sydney Beer, who has almost entirely foresaken the rails for the conductor's baton, has told us that "Porchy's" horse is a certainty to beat his own horse, Figaro, and win the race. We are rather disgruntled, but to-morrow's another day.

QUICK, sweetie, or we 'll miss the Charlie Cavendishes. Adele looks more attractive than ever, and is bound to give us a laugh. We talk with them and we get our laugh. Her brother Fred, terribly professional with Jack Leach, a pair of outsized race-glasses, and a Form-book, next joins us. We repair to the Champagne Bar. SHE drinks water.

EVERYBODY is talking about the Hunt Cup. "By the way, what won it, sweetie?" Totaig! that 's one I 'd never heard of.

TOTAIG is, of course, trained by George Duller, who used to have a playful habit of making motor-cars go at an incredible speed. So, too, did his wife. If he 's got a supercharged affair 21 lbs. in front of Totaig, I 'd like very much to make him an offer.

AND so the day goes on. Another bottle of champagne—SHE again drank water—two more losers, and the day ends. Lady Camrose's party was too, too divine last night; the Tattoo will be the cat's pyjamas to-night. No week in the whole year can compare with Ascot. Unfortunately, however, like Christmas, "It comes but once a year."

Out and About

Five of London's Young Attractions

Hay Wrightson

Miss Florence Scheftel

is the only daughter of Mrs. Edwin Scheftel, of New York and Paris. She spent last summer in London and was presented, and came over here again recently to see her many friends

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Billy Royds

who is the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Royds, and a niece of Lord Dawson of Penn. She has been an energetic member of several of the junior committees of this season's charity balls

Paul Tanqueray

Miss "Baby" Jungman

Left: Miss "Baby" Jungman, daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness, is a devotee of music, and one of the blondest of our blondes

Bertram Park

Miss Elizabeth Darell

is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Darell. Her parents have a house at Sunningdale, where they entertained for Ascot last week. Her father is Sir Lionel Darell's brother

Claude Harris

Left:
Miss Peggy Bagot-Chester

who was presented last year, is Captain and Mrs. Bagot-Chester's daughter. She is very keen on racing, and Hurst Park is one of her favourite racecourses

The New Plays

June Harvest: A Crop of Comedies

"The Vinegar Tree"

THIS vinegar tree, having been transplanted from America, now flourishes in Essex and spreads its light fantastic foliage over a queer household. Augustus Merrick (W. Graham Browne) sleeps, snores and snaps under its branches while his self-invited guests vainly ring bells for a butler who wears a row of medals. Laura Merrick (Marie Tempest) arrives at last, escorting her daughter, Leone (Celia Johnson), home from Girton. Laura, who suffers from being married too little (Augustus is old and crusty, and has shocking manners into the bargain), barely recognises her sister Winifred (Barbara Hoffe), who has been married three times and is now trying her practised hand on Max Lawrence (Henry Daniell), a painter of note.

Not suspecting that her guests propose to use her house as a safe and secluded rendezvous for a love affair, Laura discards twenty-five years and imagines that Max has returned at long last to take up their boy-and-girl romance where it left off. He was then twenty, she twenty-three. A quarter of a century is a long time, but that afternoon in his studio . . . it seems but yesterday. Does Max remember?

MAX does not. Nothing like that, at any rate. Surely they were just friends? Max's memory may be shaky, but Laura's is positively grotesque. As astonishing, in fact, as her views on art. Even in Essex one does not expect one's hostess to produce unframed prints of "Stags at Bay" and "The First Tiff" from the attic and wax garrulously sentimental over such masterpieces. In art, as in actuality, Laura is not to be relied on. She hails Max as a famous pianist, and in covering up her mistake calls Holbein "Holstein."

This, then, is a comedy of errors, false impressions, and airy persiflage. Max imagines he is in love with Leone, whom he has encountered, weeping bitterly, in the train. Leone imagines that she is too virginal to marry Geoffrey Cole (Louis Hayward), a Cambridge undergraduate, who arrives in a state of dishevelment, having travelled on the same train, but in a coal-truck. This mode of progression is explained by the solitary half-crown in his pocket. At Oxford, I trust, when faced with such a crisis, one can still borrow the price of a third-class ticket from one's scout. Geoffrey, however, is a strange young man. He won't ask Leone to marry him until she has "loved, suffered, and won through." Leone, contemplating an appalling vista of virginal innocence, bursts consistently into tears. She adores Geoffrey, but subscribes to his point of view; marriage without experience is quite unthinkable. She looks confidently to Max to repair the ravages of inexperience, and invites him into the garden, after an outburst of ingenuous frankness which leaves that solemn philanderer gasping for breath, and as certain as he can be of anything in such a pleasant lunatic asylum, that he ought to marry the girl at once. Meanwhile, the innocent Geoffrey is being flirtatiously slaughtered by the wily Winifred.

Max, proposing for Leone to Laura, is imagined to be proposing to Laura—an antiquated hurdle which the players take in their stride without a falter. In the brief third act (a beautiful exterior, complete with plashing fountain) a shred of sanity returns at three o'clock of a June morning. Laura and Augustus become almost sentimental, Max retires chivalrously from the elopement stakes, and Leone and Geoffrey kiss and commingle, ere taking the road to London and the registrar, leaving Laura to recollect that her old lover was not Max Lawrence the painter but Lawrence Mack the pianist.

All this ado about nothing is perishable, gossamer stuff, not to be taken seriously nor judged too ponderously. Flippant, artificial comedy with a gusto and an airy grace which makes an evening pass pleasantly and gives Marie Tempest carte blanche to call the light fantastic tune. Once more the Tempest rides the tea-cup storm on wings of sheerest witchcraft. Celia Johnson (my favourite ingénue, because she can act her heart out when there is sterner work afoot) is a delightfully naïve and wide-eyed Miss Innocence; Henry Daniell has less sense of humour than most painters; Barbara Hoffe and Louis Hayward distinguish themselves; and W. Graham Browne's peppery pantaloon is a successful essay in character and camouflage.

Walter Bird

Polly Luce

who is taking the part of Polly in the musical play, "Tell Her the Truth," adapted from the old farce "Nothing But the Truth," at the Saville Theatre, in which Bobbie Howes takes the principal part

Revuettes

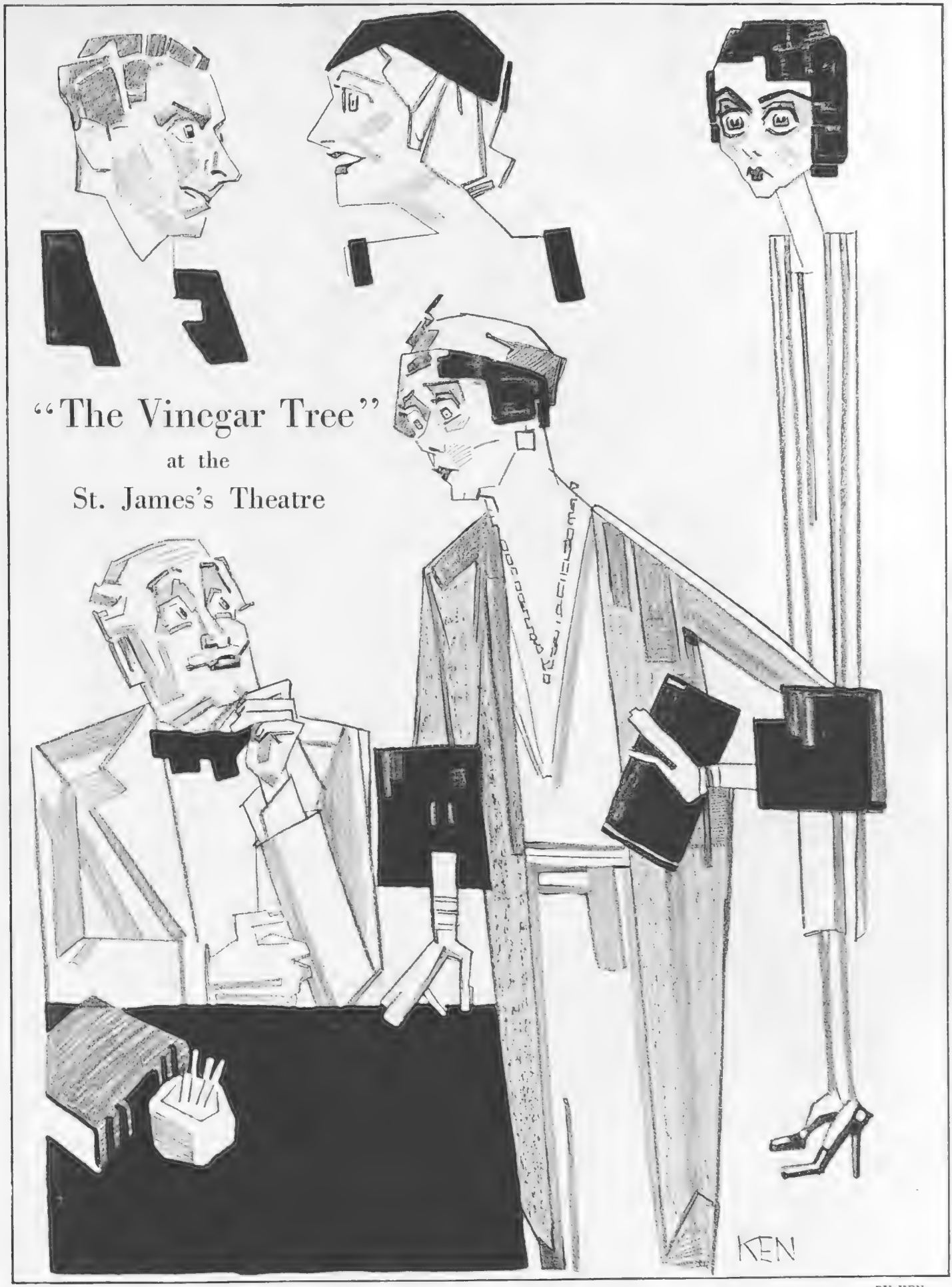
"Hocus Pocus"

THE hocus pathos of a starving pavement artist (German) gaily turned into the hocus pocus of a stunt Art Exhibition—father's too advanced pictures paraded as the work of his sixteen-year-old son—and the hocus crocus of another Tyrolean idyll for the painter (Walter Janssen), his good fairy (Adèle Dixon and a pair of sparkling eyes) and atta-boy Fritzl (Rolf Mueller). Stout work by May Agate as a globe-trotting American; Frank Cellier as an art-dealer, Henry Mollison as his assistant, and Herbert Lomas, Ivo Dawson, Ralph Goodwin, and Polly Emery.

"The Price of Wisdom"

IRENE VANBRUGH well met in a twice-daily and thrice-weakly (spelt like that) comedy, needing all her gifts of manipulative surgery and artificial aid.

TRINCULO



BY KEN

Our artist's impressions—showing that the eyes have it—of some of the principals in this new comedy at the St. James's Theatre. Top left is Max Lawrence (Henry Daniell), who is having an affair with Mrs. Winifred Mansfield (Barbara Hoffe), but, later on, he falls for the charms of Leone Merrick (Celia Johnson), who is drawn full length and a little over. The figures just above are Mr. and Mrs. Merrick, played by W. Graham Browne and Marie Tempest. A review of this play appears on the opposite page

If Gossip

ONE of the brighter remarks in a recent theatrical production not otherwise renowned for humour was to the effect that people in London are so hard up that at the "Zoo" the monkeys are feeding the visitors. If that is so, what must be going on in the "Zoos" of New York I tremble to imagine. I have not been to America since the boom years when one was told, and was quite ready to believe, from evidence on all sides, that the Land of Liberty would every day and in every way grow richer and richer. Now that the reverse has come to pass, every returned visitor brings tales not only of the gloom of New York, but of the not very admirable way the inhabitants are taking the knock. There is a good deal of hysteria about, and the wrong type of hysteria, too.

Now this is not the occasion for English people to pat themselves on the back, like sozzled Scots on New Year's Eve, with their "Here 's tae us, there 's nane like us!" That we are a stolid and unemotional gang who never give way to hysteria is a fiction which is shown up badly whenever a Hollywood idol turns up at Victoria Station, or even when such a comparatively minor event occurs as the return of a victorious British general after a world-war.

Yet we do manage to laugh at our troubles. We do Coué ourselves into thinking things are rosy simply by telling ourselves they are just going to be, and by finding all sorts of cheery means of explaining away increasing unemployment and decreasing trade returns. And we are without a Lindbergh case—a blight which will never be forgotten and

Billy Milton (duplicated) can be seen on the right, but his writing does not in the least resemble that of John Milton, as may be judged by the fact that, in collaboration with Collie Knox, he has written the music and some lyrics for a radio-revue which will be broadcast in the second week of July. Billy Milton is also another sort of entertainer and is appearing at the Not Club, where he helps Rex Evans in his continuous cabaret performance

Marant

Billy Milton

Stage Photo Co.

Marianne Winkelstern

(Seen left) the principal dancer in "Casanova," at the Coliseum, in tip-top form on the tips of her toes

Costumes at Ciro's

Phares, the latest in orchestra-leaders, who also sings a song with point, drawn by Rouson in his fisherman's kit at Ciro's. On the right the Can Can Girls, who do a turn which was all the rage in the naughty 'nineties

We Must . . .

England and U.S.A.—The Thames in Favour—A Great Artist—Royal Ascot—The Peter Pan of Bohemia

has already done American prestige fifty times the harm *l'affaire Dreyfus* did France. And that, to speak in American, is saying a mouthful.

THE Lindbergh case continues to shoot out foul tentacles, and the news of the way American methods of "justice" hounded to her death Violet Sharpe has made the New Jersey police and their Third Degree torture almost as strongly abhorred as the criminals who murdered the hapless infant. A strong protest by the National Government (which, as I write, seems hopelessly unlikely) would do much to enhance the somewhat fading reputation of Sir John Simon as Foreign Secretary. That would not matter, of course, so very much. It would also be a necessary gesture on the part of Great Britain,

BY ROUSON

of which the unfortunate girl happened to have been a citizen. That matters a great deal. The incident is very much our business. If the American police have completely lost their heads, there is no reason why English girls should lose their lives in consequence.

HOWEVER, to a considerably fresher atmosphere—the River. Not the Hudson, but the Thames. It is remarkable that the Thames of London has come into social favour again. The Thames of Maidenhead and Bray and Henley has had its devotees almost since punts and stockbrokers and chorus-girls were invented. One can doubtless find both stockbrokers and chorus-girls on the Show Boat which voyages from Westminster Pier Gravesend-wards these summer nights, and so much the better. But some of the initial trips on this vessel resembled the most exclusive of cocktail parties.

(Continued on page 569)

Stage Photo Co.

Just Uncorked!

Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Clifford Mollison, and Polly Walker in a scene from Julian Wylie's new musical comedy, "Out of the Bottle," founded on F. Anstey's "The Brass Bottle," which is the new attraction at the Hippodrome

Below: A scene from "Hocus Pocus" at the Garrick Theatre, showing Walter Janssen (left) and Rolf Mueller. This play is not a tale of a tub, but one dealing with the art world in an amusing manner

Guttenberg

"Hocus Pocus" at the Garrick

America Walks Off with the Wightman Cup

Our special artist here gives his impressions of the Wightman Cup match, which took place this year at Wimbledon. The American women retained the Cup by winning four matches to three. The match was virtually lost on the first day, when Mrs. L. R. C. Michell and Miss Round were unexpectedly beaten by Mrs. Harper and Miss Jacobs, after the English Team had already lost two singles, which gave the Americans a lead of three—love, and Mrs. Wills-Moody having a singles match in her pocket to clinch matters on the second day

If Gossip We Must—(*Continued from page 567*)

If the general company were more impressed by Wapping than Wapping was by them (though the Thames Embankment was inclined to be more critical), there is no doubt that plenty of amusing people had embarked and continue to embark, and that those experienced judges of good things to eat and drink and laugh at—" Jumbo " Joliffe and Clifford Whitley—have hit upon a good idea and see that those who support them in the enterprise are well looked after in mind and body, if not in soul.

THERE have been few more quietly dramatic episodes than the return of Alfred Gilbert—now Sir Alfred Gilbert, R.A.—to his country and to take up high honours after years of self-imposed exile in the obscurity of Bruges, a place as dull as it is picturesque.

At the opening of the Queen Alexandra Memorial I caught my first sight of the great sculptor, still a remarkably good-looking man. One glance at that firm jaw is sufficient to make one realise that Sir Alfred would be a pretty stubborn person with whom to quarrel.

A visit to his exhibition of bronzes was well worth while. They are exquisite things, though most of them date from an era—the early 'eighties—which it is now the fashion to despise. Sir Alfred is not only an artist but a consummate craftsman. There has not been a man like him since Benvenuto Cellini.

ASCOT opened in glorious weather and the sight in the Enclosure and Paddock when things were in full swing was one for the gods—and the snobs.

Joe Cook, the American Comedian

shortly coming to the West End, in a uniform of unexampled splendour—though not in keeping with army regulations

Photos by Vandamm

"Thanks for the Buggy Ride. We had a Wonderful Time"

Two pictures of Joe Cook, the American comedian, who is coming to the West End in " Fanfare," in which June and Violet Loraine will appear. He makes a fine coachman—indeed a very handsome cabby—and it is to be hoped he also wears his steam-whistle-kitchen-dresser costume at the Prince Edward Theatre

For, of course, Ascot is the very apotheosis of snobbery ; but I would not say it is any the worse on that account. A touch of snobbery now and again is rather good for a nation. Like sulphur tablets or a dose of salts, it is unpleasant at the time, but has a healthy general effect and keeps us from going off the deep end and making more serious asses of ourselves. And this does not take into account the intense happiness enjoyed by those inside the magic palings when they see their nearest and dearest friends outside.

ALTHOUGH the general luncheon arrangements have vastly improved, entertaining in club tents is on the increase. It is now double what it was ten years ago, and four times greater than before the war. The Royal Engineers, however, gave up their tent this year, and it was taken on by Buck's and the St. James's. I lunched in this tent a couple of the days and found it easily the most sought-after of all of them, with that dispenser of comfort, McGarry, in attendance for both long drinks and cocktails. This arrangement, and the temporary amalgamation for Ascot purposes of Buck's and the St. James's, has been such a success that it is, I gather, likely to be taken up again next year.

NINA HAMNETT's book, *Laughing Torso*, and the cocktail party given to launch it, I found great fun. The book is aggressively Bohemian, written in slip-shod short sentences, and contains much

Heard But Not Seen

Except when on the stage, Hermione Gingold relies entirely on her voice to entertain, for she is one of those artists well known to Radio listeners

that is intensely irritating. But it is readable, which cannot be said of every publication nowadays, and that is the main thing, just as the writer, whom I used to meet quite a while ago with the Nevinsons, always keeps one interested.

SOMETIMES *Laughing Torso* seems to be set on "shocking" in rather a childish way. Miss Hamnett tells of the habit she has of taking all her clothes off at artistic gatherings; figuratively speaking, she takes her clothes off when she writes. But if one has not grown out of the mood in which crossing the Channel led to thrills unspeakable, in which everything that happens in Montmartre or Montparnasse is too wonderful for words, and everything that happens in England is dull and hopelessly bourgeois, one will devour this book eagerly. Miss Hamnett herself, although she admits to forty, has in this respect never grown up, and I very much doubt if she ever will. And nothing could be more English in Miss Hamnett than her constant habit when speaking of some French town or village, of exclaiming, "Thank goodness, there were no English people there!"

John Everard

Looking Down on a Dancer

Charlot and Berinoff, two of the artistes who have helped to popularise Variety which has now taken on a new lease of life. Above, right, is a study of Charlot in an original pose

THAT true art must be exclusively foreign, and, if it is worth anything at all, must be accompanied by uncomfortable poverty, a drink on every possible occasion, and unsanctified love affairs by the score, is a theory I have never been able to assimilate. From which Miss Hamnett, that Peter Pan of Bohemia, will put me down as the very rankest of Philistines.

POSSIBLY it was Philistinism that made the ballet founded on Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande* cause me grievous disappointment. Lambert himself is a clever young man and he is British—the son of the excellent Australian painter who died not long ago. So goodness knows why some of the precious youths who haunt the Savoy Theatre just now speak of him as "Constong Lombare."

His *Rio Grande* is so fine that it deserves a better choreographic version than that which has been given us, with Mme. Lopokova, who is quaint but not in the least exotic, as the première danseuse. The Camargo Society can, and must, do better than this, if the Rugger scrum that occurs in the corridors of the Savoy Theatre during the intervals is to continue to be a regular feature of their season.

WE have heard a good deal of late about the theatre slump, but there is nothing unusual in that, for ever since daylight saving was introduced, the London season has been by no means the best season for the theatres. Contrariwise.

Another change which has done theatrical enterprise in the summer time incalculable harm is the large number of motor-owners there are nowadays. It is cheaper and, for some peeople, more amusing to drive through the countryside in the cool of a summer's evening than to return home, don glad rags, and return to town to visit a theatre after an early dinner. I am not sure that managers would not be well advised to start shows later than they do while days are long. Now that most plays seem to be getting shorter and shorter, it would be quite easy to start at 9 p.m. or even 9.15, and get the audience away in ample time to seek a suburban home or go on to a restaurant in time for a supper, with something alcoholic to wash it down. But theatrical managers are a conservative race and appear to dislike any form of change.

WIMBLEDON WORTHIES

MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY

THOUGH supple of limb, you possess
A face that seems carved out of stone,
And I feel bound to say
That, when watching you play,
I wish we had Wills of our own!

MR. F. R. BURROW (The Referee)

F. R. Burrow in his burrow sits all day
Determining the courts on which we 'll play,
And though some may grumble, it 's a certain fact
There 's a referreeson for his every act

H. W. (BUNNY) AUSTIN

Though a "Bunny" he 's no "rabbit"
For he's got the pleasing habit
Of beating stars of every other nation.
And though many folk are lost in
Admiration of our Austin,
He very wisely shuns all Austin-tation

JEAN BOROTRA

The Bounding Basque is bright and gay,
He smiles and jokes throughout the day,
And that 's why girls all get a very
Bad attack of béret-béret

FRANK SHIELDS

When tennis warriors tread upon
The velvet courts of Wimbledon,
I hope our English storm-troops may
Prove victors in the friendly fray,
And when they tread those battlefields
Produce the shots that shatter Shields

B. W.

MISS PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD

A new portrait in colour photography by Yevonde. Miss Dudley Ward is appearing as the central figure in Lancret's picture, "The Swing," in the French Picture Matinée on July 5 at His Majesty's Theatre

BY PICA

"She didn't say 'Yes,' she didn't say 'No'"

When Every Second Counts

After Saturday night's performance at the Lyceum Theatre (inset above) is over, Tilly Losch—in private life Mrs. Edward James—seats herself in her private aeroplane and literally flies off, thus adding another star to the sky, in order to secure as long a week-end as possible in her lovely country home, West Dene, Chichester, seen on the right

THE WORLD

An English Success in U.S.A. —Looking for Stars— Shows on the Screen

Ina Claire, Joan Blondell, and Madge Evans, the three gold-diggers in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," a film of Broadway life now showing at the Plaza. Over thirty dresses were designed for this film by the famous firm of Chanel

Myrna Loy as Becky Sharp and Montague Love as the Marquis of Steyne in "Vanity Fair," at the Capitol. Thackeray's classic is here transformed into the story of a modern American vamp. Wonderful!

THE fact that *Service for Ladies* has been playing at the Paramount Theatre in New York and has been better received than almost any of their native-made product of recent months is an encouraging sign to British producers. This film, though made by the English unit of Paramount, an American company, is essentially British, as are all its chief players—Leslie Howard, Elizabeth Allan, George Grossmith, Benita Hume, Morton Selten, and others. It is indeed gratifying, therefore, to find that in all the American newspapers the acting has been praised no less warmly than the production as a whole, and that the picture is hailed as a very fair indication of the fact that Britain can produce, and is producing, films that will be acceptable to the American market.

THAT Hollywood still has its eye on English talent is proved by the fact that the vast Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer concern has sent over two young men well versed in the requirements of American film production to stay here for some weeks on a "talent-spotting" mission. I lunched with these two young men the other day, and was extremely interested to hear their views on what they hoped to accomplish. They are definitely out after star material. They say quite frankly that featured players are ten a penny in Hollywood and all they want to find over here is somebody with definite starring potentialities.

THEY reckon that if they find *one* artiste whom they can take over to Hollywood and eventually build into a star of the first magnitude, the expenses and trouble of their trip will have been justified a hundred times over. They are taking no chances, these two boys; they are seeing every show in town and every British film, and they are interviewing personally every artiste who is suggested as having the very vaguest possibilities. What is more, they are importing one of their own cameramen to make the necessary tests of those in whom they are interested.

AMONG the women who they tell me have impressed them considerably are Benita Hume, Frances Doble, and Elizabeth Allan; and Owen Nares, Hugh Williams, and Arthur Wontner of the men. They are also profoundly interested in Madeleine Carroll, but I understand that she is not interested in a Hollywood contract at this stage of proceedings. One can only express a pious hope that we don't lose the lot!

TWO of the pictures playing the West End at the moment present, I think, the biggest real thrills ever given to us in motion-pictures. There have been so many attempts to thrill that have only served to bore us that it is a treat for the unsqueamish to find that in *M*, at the Cambridge, and in *Scarface*, at the Empire, we can really get a cheap thrill down our spines at last.

THE former, brilliantly directed by that master of his craft Fritz Lang, deals with the recent Dusseldorf killings—and deals with them in a brilliantly

Claudette Colbert as the society beauty who is so the strong, silent man home from Patagonia, who

of the FILM

By

Wilfred James

Hugh Williams, Nancy Price and Elizabeth Allan, in "Down Our Street," a film of any back street in any English town, Elstree-made, and now on at the Plaza

Left: Leonora Corbett as Jane in "Love On Wheels," in which she plays opposite Jack Hulbert. Their romance starts in a Green Line bus on the way to work, and progresses, by way of songs, dances and humorous episodes, to a happy ending

bored she wants to go on the stage, and Edmund Lowe, treats her rough in "The Misleading Lady," at the Plaza

ruthless way. It is interesting to note in this connection that in about a week's time Ivor Novello starts work at Twickenham on *The Lodger*, and this is a film that deals with the famous "Jack the Ripper" series of crimes, at a time when no young girl was safe in the streets of London after dark for fear of falling victim to the knife of this never-captured maniac, who was popularly believed to be a mad doctor, from the fact that all his crimes were committed with a degree of surgical skill rarely to be found in the layman. Let 's hope that the Twickenham effort will bear comparison with the Fritz Lang opus. They have a good story and a fine star with a very big following among British filmgoers.

"SCARFACE" deals, as its name implies, with our old friend Mr. "Scarface" Al Capone, late of Chicago, and now of the Leavenworth Penitentiary for Backward Boys. It is a brilliant exposition of the state of affairs that has existed, and still does exist, in certain parts of the United States, and must be of unique interest to our own public, if only because Mister Capone has pinched more good space in the British newspapers during the past few years than any other notable figure in the world's events. And, after all, the movie trade ought to be immensely grateful to "Al," for he started a racket which they were able to commercialise and cash in on to the extent of several millions of dollars. Remember how many gangster films have been foisted on us during recent months!

BUT this one is better than all the rest put together. And the performance of Paul Muni in the title-rôle is superb. Go and see these two—but don't take the children.

GRAND opera is to figure in the schedule of British production. *Fledermaus* is to be made by the Gainsborough Company, and I understand that Evelyn Laye has been approached to play the lead. One can think of no better choice.

IT is a funny thing how little the producers of pictures, as against the actual directors, count for in this country. In America the names of such people as Sam Goldwyn, William Fox, Jesse Lasky, Carl Laemmle—and the junior of that ilk—Mack Sennett, and the like, mean a great deal to the picture-going public. These are names to conjure with. They are the impresarios who provide you and me with our film fare. And we are grateful to them. But there are few, if any, names over here that mean anything to us in that connection. John Maxwell, we read about, and we know of him as a producer of motion pictures on a big scale. But we regard him more in the light of a big business man than as a producer of films. The three Ostrer Brothers (controllers of the gigantic Gaumont-British Corporation), and C. M. Woolf, the man who did more to keep the flag of British film production flying during its darkest days than any man living, and to whom the thanks of the whole industry are due, are also more or less figures behind the scenes, and one doesn't identify them with actual production—although they are actually very prominently identified with it.

Golden Days for Royal Ascot: Pe

Miss Pamela Nicholls effectively combines fish-net and furs

Miss Auriel Harbord sheltering from the wind behind her hat

Miss de Burgh Whyte affects a straw boater

Miss Victoria Villiers keeping up the Hawaiian fashion

Mr. J. A. Dewar, with Mrs. Dewar

Lord and Lady Acton arrive on the course

A "close-up" of Lady Daphne Finch

Personalities Pictured on the Heath

Miss Betty Faucke and Miss Clemson leaving Waterloo

The Hon. Lorraine Berry and the Hon. Dorothy Berry in flowered frocks

Lord Decies with his daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Robert O'Brien and the Hon. Catherine Beresford

Finch-Hatton and Lady Caroline Paget

Lord and Lady Chesham, two serious race-goers

Miss Billy Royds walking with Miss Winifred Paget

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

Afterthoughts on the Championship

At Prince's, Sandwich, for the Open Golf Championship: L. O. M. Munn, W. L. Hope, and J. T. Bookless, the Scottish Champion

THE Open Championship Cup has once again gone to America, and one is tempted to ask why the American who happens to hold it for the moment does not take the perfectly justifiable risk of leaving it at home when he comes over to compete, in order to save the cost of transport. But this year there was a great deal less purely patriotic disappointment on the part of the spectators at an American victory than is normally the case. There were two reasons for this: the first, that those who formed the crowd at Prince's were most essentially sporting and had a sneaking feeling that they could not allow patriotism to interfere with the legitimate desire of seeing the best man win; the second, that in 'Gene Sarazen American professional golf has a very worthy ambassador, not merely from the point of view of playing ability, but also from the point of view of attractive personality and charming golfing manners.

Sarazen wastes no time at all about his golf, and if his success is going to imbue all those who watched him, and especially many of the young amateurs of the country (who badly need the lesson) with a desire to play as he does, carefully but with no undue loss of time, then this American victory will prove itself a blessing to British golf.

The winner of the Royal St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup at Sandwich: H. G. Bentley, who is also the holder of the French Amateur Championship

AS I have suggested above, there is no question at all that 'Gene Sarazen was the best player in the field right through the competition. On Monday and Tuesday he had to play two qualifying rounds, and he found it unnecessary to exert himself in order to finish in the good total of 149, made up by a first round of 73 at Prince's and a second round of 76 at Royal St. George's. In the Championship proper he set the pace right from the start. At the end of the first day he was leading by a stroke with a round of 70; at the end of the second day he had increased his lead and had the remarkable total of 139, for he had equalled the then existing record of 69 at Prince's. On the morning of the last day, Sarazen again did a 70 in the crucial third round, which placed him in an almost unassailable position.

The only Englishman with a real chance of catching him was Arthur Havers, who played consistently well right through the Championship, and who, in this third round, placed himself within possible striking distance by shattering the Prince's record and going round in 68. Havers was a late starter, and Sarazen an early starter, and Sarazen showed his first sign of the anxiety and strain against which he was battling by taking 74 strokes for the fourth round. That meant that there was just the bare possibility of Havers catching him, and, although Havers played by no means ill in that last round, the strain was too much, and he was unable to do the almost impossible.

BUT Havers does deserve a very great deal of credit. After all, he is the only Englishman within recent years who has managed to keep the Championship Cup in this country for one year, and he was the only Englishman at Prince's who could stand the pace and was actually seriously concerned in the finish. True, another American, in Macdonald Smith, inserted himself in between Havers and Sarazen and obtained the second place, but Havers's performance is admirable, and his third round of 68 quite irreproachable.

OF Sarazen I think it is sufficient to say that he has had more of the sympathies of a British crowd than has had any other American winner, which is really a very great tribute. Usually the crowds for each Championship will congregate around the American players merely because they want to see superlative golf played, but this year those who followed Sarazen did not do so only for this purpose—they also desired to watch and get to know a most attractive and likable personality.

THE results of the Championship, however, are very satisfactory from a British point of view. The scores were low (indeed, Sarazen's total broke the existing record of the Open Championship made by "Bobby" Jones by two strokes), and many British totals were truly excellent and in a less spectacular year, might very well have won. It must also have been extremely gratifying to the Selection Committee for our Walker Cup side to see so many good performances by our amateurs. True, the leading amateur was not a man selected for the Walker Cup, but he is very well known as being one of the best of our golfers, and he has in previous years represented Scotland and also Great Britain in the Walker Cup match.

IN accomplishing his 299 W. L. Hope certainly put up one of the best performances in his successful career. The Walker Cup captain, T. A. Torrance, was the second amateur, and it must have been extremely encouraging to him to find himself not merely by appointment, but also by his own skill, leading those men who are to play under him in America later in the year. He played very fine golf all through, and this performance should not only give him confidence in himself, but also—unnecessarily to those who know him—give the public confidence in his appointment.

ONE point I should like to make. It has been said of Prince's that it is the hardest course in England on which to do a good score. It must be remembered, however, that during this Championship the weather was ideal, and that the crowds who follow the players always trample the ground on which they walk to such an extent that the course on the last day of a Championship is considerably easier than on the first, for it plays much shorter.

I HAVE very little space left for the Royal St. George's Grand Champion Challenge Cup, in spite of its imposing title. This Cup, which I should think it is right to say every amateur would like to win more than anything else after the Amateur Championship itself, is played for over 36 holes by stroke play, and this year's winner is a very worthy one. H. G. Bentley, of Hesketh, followed up his success in the French Championship and a good performance in the Open by a fine victory with the score of 147. J. B. Beck, of Sundridge Park, led the field for a long time both in the morning and in the afternoon, and but for a real misfortune in the afternoon, at the Canal hole, where by no means a bad drive finished only a few inches out of bounds, would probably have been in a quite unassailable position, but his total of 148 was just one too many, and enabled Bently to catch up and win. A very fine afternoon round by Douglas Grant, who holed the course in 71, gave him third place.

Peter North

Lenare

The "Young Marrieds"

A New "Bystander" Series

No. 4. Mr. and Mrs. John Drury Lowe

Mr. and Mrs. John Drury Lowe are one of the most modern married couples in London who run their lives on 1932 lines. Previous to her marriage Mrs. Drury Lowe was Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere

Howard Marshall on CRICKET

NEXT Saturday, if only the weather is kind, Lord's should be packed for the opening day of the Test match between England and All-India. There is rather a tendency, I fancy, to regard this game primarily as a run over the course for the English players who may be chosen to go to Australia next winter.

IT will be partly an English trial match, naturally, but at the same time we shall be making a mistake if we take our Indian visitors too lightly. They are just as likely to surprise us as the New Zealanders were last season, and we all remember how bravely the New Zealanders fared at Lord's.

I AM inclined to think that, on the whole, these Indians are a better side than the New Zealanders. They have no batsman as correct as C. S. Dempster, but C. K. Nayudu is a far more brilliant and inspired player; while Wazir Ali is almost as dependable. Colah, Nazir Ali, Navle, and Palia are all capable of making runs, and the Indian bowlers are by no means to be despised.

I BELIEVE we have yet to see the best of Mahomed Nissar, their fastest bowler, though he has done well enough already. If only he brought his left foot further across as he delivered the ball, his body action would be improved and he might be very good indeed.

THERE is one important point, however, where the New Zealanders had the advantage, and that was in captaincy, for Tom Lowry was an exceptionally fine leader and tactician. Not only did he manage his attack and his field most astutely, but he had the invaluable gift of imparting determination and keenness to his men.

SO far, I have not had the impression that there has been any particular inspiration about the way the Indians have been led, and in Test-match cricket generalship is of considerable consequence. Here it is possible that the Indians may break down, for they are far more likely to play as a collection of individuals than as a team.

IF England take the match as seriously as they should, there can be only one result to this game, and that is an English victory. By this I do not suggest that it will be a runaway victory, but there is no doubt that England have a strong side. Exactly what the side will be is not settled as I write, though the teams in the North v. South match which has just ended were some indication of the Selectors' policy.

England against All-India

IT was unexpected, but not unreasonable, for A. P. F. Chapman to be left out of the South team, despite the somewhat acrimonious controversy caused by his omission.

The Selectors wished to give D. R. Jardine his opportunity as captain, and if Chapman was not to be captain, there was no point in playing him. His virtues and failings as a cricketer are well enough known to need no further trial, and whether he will tour Australia again depends entirely upon Jardine's capabilities as a leader.

The Captain of the South

D. R. Jardine, who led the South against the North in the trial match at Old Trafford which began last Saturday, batting at the Oval against Derbyshire. This particular stroke gave a chance to Smith, in the slips, which was not accepted

MORE interesting and significant was the fact that the Selectors chose neither Verity nor Tate. Most people were fairly certain that Verity would be included in the North team, but apparently the Selectors consider that unless his type of slow left-hand bowling is based upon perfectly controlled variations of flight and length, it would be useless on the cast-iron wickets of Australia. As for Tate, I suppose he is to be regarded as a veteran, and it may be that the exacting conditions in Australia would find him out, though his gusto and his vigour are as good to see as ever they were. His place in the bowling averages is high enough, too; not that averages mean very much, and it may be true that his bowling has lost the fire and sting which brought him such triumphs on the last Australian tour. A great bowler, Tate, and he will be sadly missed.

I NOTE, also, that I. A. R. Peebles is given preference over R. W. V. Robins, and this may be partly because Robins is not absolutely certain that he could spare time for the M.C.C. tour. There is more in it than that, however, and I should think that Peebles scores by reason of his steadier command of length. Robins undeniably is a disturbingly erratic spin bowler, and in Australia accuracy is essential. Still, Robins very decidedly would have his uses, and he may have his chance yet.

I IMAGINE that F. R. Brown is certain to be selected by the M.C.C. Committee, for he may well be a match-winner; but what about Frank Woolley? Here is a nice problem for the unfortunate Selectors. Woolley is forty-five years old, but he is still, beyond compare, the greatest left-handed batsman in the world, and I am told that the Australians fear him more than any other English player. He is slow in the field, perhaps, and his bowling is not what it was, but, for all that, I should be inclined to gamble on him, even with limitless Test matches in mind. Woolley could do more to demoralise the Australian attack in a couple of hours than the most resolute of defensive players.

THEN there is the question of the wicket-keeper. Ames is a first-class batsman as well as a really good stumper, but Duckworth, on his form against Middlesex, is as good as ever he was, which means that he is a class better than any other wicket keeper in England. Duckworth, however, is a No. 11 batsman, though, to see him performing, you might be forgiven for thinking that in his own opinion he should really be opening the innings. Ames is good, but Duckworth is better, and that settles it.

AND now, to end up with a gesture, let me very rashly suggest a possible England team to play Australia. I reserve the right to change my opinion as the season progresses, and I 'm working at the moment on the assumption that the Selectors have temporarily decided to give Jardine a fair trial as captain. Here goes, then, in batting order—Sutcliffe, Woolley, Duleepsinjhi, Hammond, Jardine, Allen, Larwood, F. R. Brown, Voce, Duckworth, Peebles, or Robins. If Robins played instead of Peebles, he would go in No. 7, and he might make some runs quickly. Well, there it is, and on my own behalf I put in a strong recommendation to mercy.

ASCOT GOLD CUP

In a Class by Itself

THE KEENEST EVENT OF THE SEASON

COME TO THE GREYHOUND DERBY!

Why this excitement anent the twenty-fifth of June?

That's Derby Day at White City! And if you were thwarted in your efforts to come last season, don't, for the love of sport, let date-clashing interfere with your attendance *this* year.

June 25th is the most essential date in the Greyhound Racing Year—and this time is likely to be so sensational that you *must* prepare to enthuse.

The band and pipers of H.M. Irish Guards will play selections during the evening.

FINAL JUNE 25TH

WHITE CITY

You will enjoy the racing better than ever by viewing it from the Club enclosure whilst you dine in comfort. There also is to be found the most tempting of buffets and the finest of floors for dancing.

So after noting the date (and adorning it with a star) write to the Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City, for particulars of Club Membership.

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Prune Brown and Pale Blue

MISS ISABEL JEANS, always one of our best-dressed actresses, has chosen an unusual gown from Mrs. Seaman. It is made of heavy prune-brown crêpe, cleverly cut on the cross, and pale aquamarine-blue crêpe of a lighter weight

Lenare

Paul Tanqueray

Marjorie Lacey

The Small Hat

MRS. MARY BOOKER, who is known to film goers as Mary Hamilton, has chosen a Jeff model made of black straw surrounded with red currants, which admirably suits her dark beauty. With this hat she wears a veil

MRS. DIGBY NEAVE, the daughter-in-law of Colonel Neave, of Kenya Colony, wears with chic a small black felt hat with an upturned brim. This is trimmed with a black silk tassel, which falls from the centre of the crown

Boaters To-day and in

1907

Maurice Beck

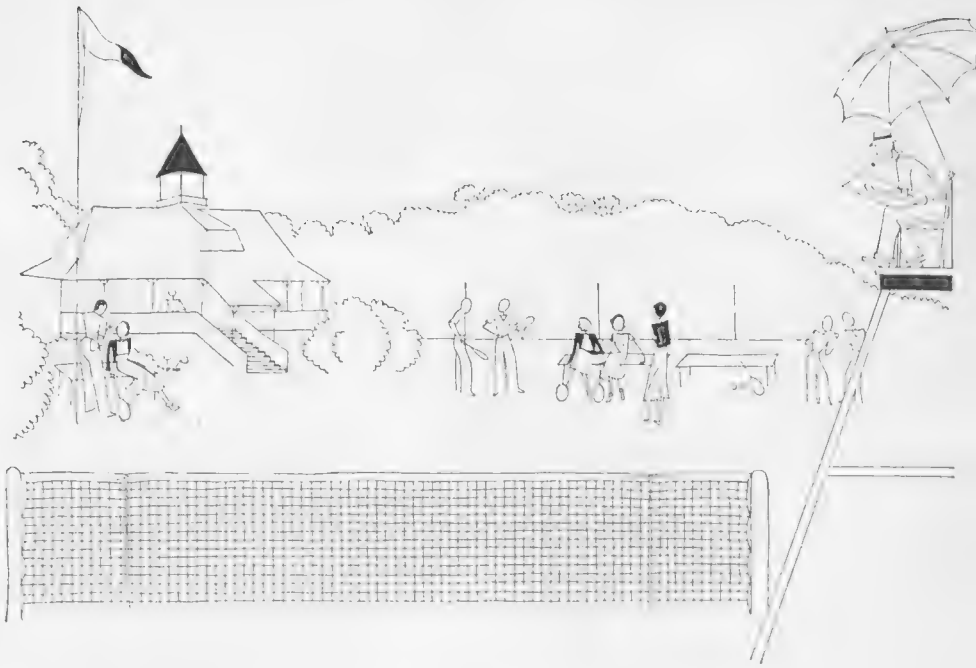
THE boater of yesterday, according to Scott's catalogue in 1907, was made with a rolled edge in order to give firmness to the brim and to prevent the veil from tearing. The Breton sailor, with a difference, was also considered very smart in 1904

Dorothy Wilding

(*Above*)

MISS NOEL ORR, one of the prettiest and most unspoilt of this year's débutantes, seems amused by the 1932 version of the boater which she has chosen to wear with her green dress and white organdie collar. She is the daughter of Mrs. Pelham Cochran

MRS. ROBERT BRUCE, the niece of Somerset Maugham and herself a successful novelist, wears a brown straw boater pulled well down over one eye and looks extremely smart and gay in this rather severe style of millinery



Four Characteristic Tennis Clothes

Buttons and Stripes

IF the tennis dresses of to-day remain almost universally white it is because their wearers know that nothing looks so attractive and so fresh against the bright green of our lawns; but conservatism in colour is, in many cases, offset by originality of material. The days when one could pronounce at sight the verdict of piqué, linen or crêpe-de-Chine are gone for ever, and the multitude of materials available nowadays is only rivalled by the Arabian-Nights'-Tales splendour of their names. The only serious rival to dead white this year is the so-called off-white, which has had such an immense success, and two dresses of this popular shade, both from Fortnum and Mason, are illustrated on these pages. They are carried out in basket-weave toile, a material which hangs and wears beautifully, and their styles are indicative of the present tendency to incorporate in sports clothes a simplified version of the current fashion rather than to create a separate type.

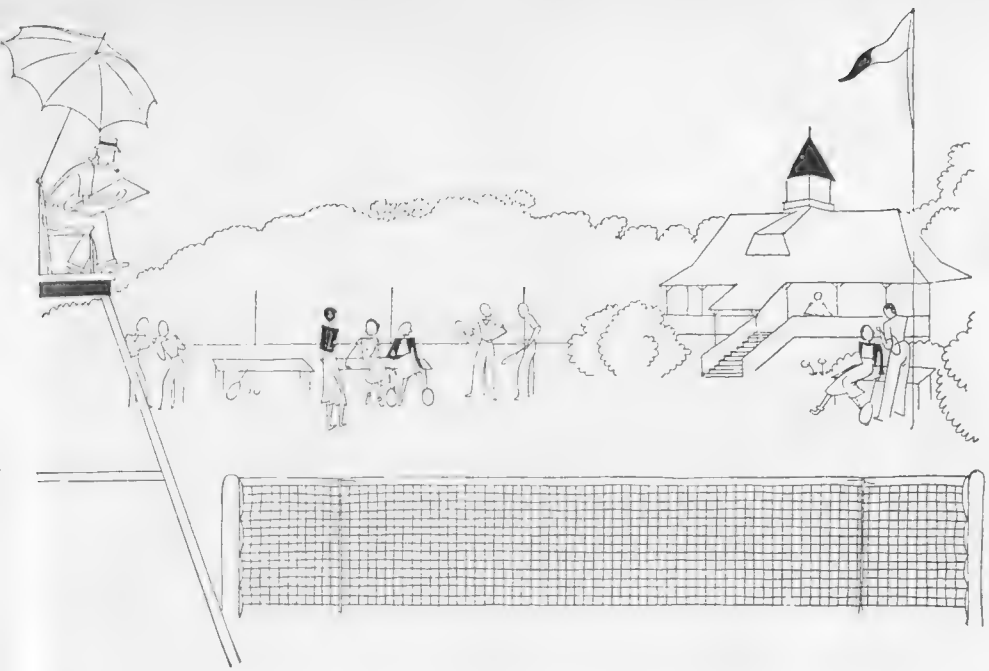
They both diverge far enough from the strictly conventional to admit of buttons and a touch of colour. The double-breasted effect of the dress on this page is accentuated by large metal buttons, and the model shown on the top of the opposite page has revers and a bow of brightly-coloured foulard. This may be obtained in several shades, but clear light-green looks particularly attractive when allied to the subtle off-white of the dress. To accompany this Fortnum and Mason suggest top-coats of tweed, with rough and knobbly surfaces, which are provided with belts, pockets, and comfortably large collars, or are denuded entirely of collars and add a scarf of Tuslikasha, a warm and uncrushable mixture of wool and silk, patterned with conventionalised birds in gay colours.

THE fashion for divided skirts has met with strong disapproval, but I feel that much of the adverse criticism

(Above)

A DOUBLE-BREASTED effect accentuated by four buttons adds chic to this tennis dress in off-white basket-weave cotton toile. It has pleats let into the skirt and a belt fastened by two buttons. Fortnum and Mason

BLUE and white stripes and a plain blue collar decorate the short-sleeved jumper of lisle thread worn with a divided skirt of white wool. This is held closely to the hips by means of a wide band of ribbing. From Finnigans



Examples of the Spots and Piqué of To-day

directed against this innovation, which is, after all, only one of recurrent fashion phenomena, would be defeated by the woollen skirt shown by Finnigans. This can be obtained in white or navy, and is made with a band of ribbing around the hips and an elastic at the waist in order to keep it fitting snugly. It is really nothing else than an abbreviated pyjama, and the same model can be obtained with full-length trousers which, accompanied by a woollen pullover, makes an ideal outfit for the beach. A photograph of this garment in white, and abbreviated in order to make it suitable for tennis, is shown on the left of the opposite page, where it is worn with a blue-and-white-striped jumper of lisle thread.

FINNIGANS also have a large selection of tennis dresses in washing silk, both white and coloured, and they suggest for a top coat an excellent double-breasted model in natural-coloured crash, with a storm collar and a triple belt. This is one of the smartest coats which I have seen for a long time.

White piqué, either in cotton or silk, has the advantage of washing perfectly and also of being tolerably thick. So many people make the mistake of choosing a material which is too thin, in which case the dress never hangs well, and is still more disappointing after it has been washed. White cotton piqué makes the tennis dress from Richard Sands shown at the bottom of this page, and its excellent cut is its chief attraction. An original method of finishing the neckline while dispensing with a collar is carried out with the aid of a large metal ring. Several alternative styles are to be found at Sands in washing silk, in a new material similar to a very finely woven cotton toile, and in linen. With the latter there are most attractive matching bérets of linen, with a peak in front in order to shade the eyes. M. G.

(Above)

REVERS and a sash of a fancy foulard add a touch of colour to the off-white basket-weave toile dress shown above. Clever cutting gives a slender waistline, and width is added to the skirt by inverted pleats. Fortnum & Mason

WHITE cotton piqué makes the dress shown on the right, which has a shaped skirt and a high neckline fastened by a metal ring. There is nothing in this model which could spoil or lose its shape by constant tubbing. Richard Sands

Collaborators at Large:

GOING TO THE DOGS

Description by F. G. Fairlie. Alleged Decorations by H. H. Harris

Pictured above is the trying time in the lives of the Stewards selecting a Derby hare for the Greyhound Derby from Electric-Hare travellers

I RANG up Harris with the good idea in my mind, and was told that he was out. With the good idea still in my mind I went out too. About ten minutes later I met Harris in the street, and was just about to tell him the good idea, when he started to tell me how lucky it was, as he was just on his way to see me. By the time he 'd told me all that, I had entirely forgotten what the good idea was.

"Harris," I said, "I had a good idea which I wanted to tell you about."

HARRIS looked at me very suspiciously out of the corner of one eye. The last good idea that I had suggested had cost Harris quite a lot in light refreshment to forget, and although it had been quite a good excuse, still . . . well, anyway, Harris spoke with an anxious timbre to his otherwise rich voice:

"Why the past tense?"

"Because I 've forgotten it," I said.

Harris breathed a great sigh of relief.

"In that case," he started to say, "let 's go to the nearest——"

"By Jove!" I suddenly cried, "I 've remembered it! Let 's go to the dogs."

"All right," said Harris. "Same thing, but put more crudely. Now——"

"Let us," I said slowly and deliberately, "go to the dogs at the White City——"

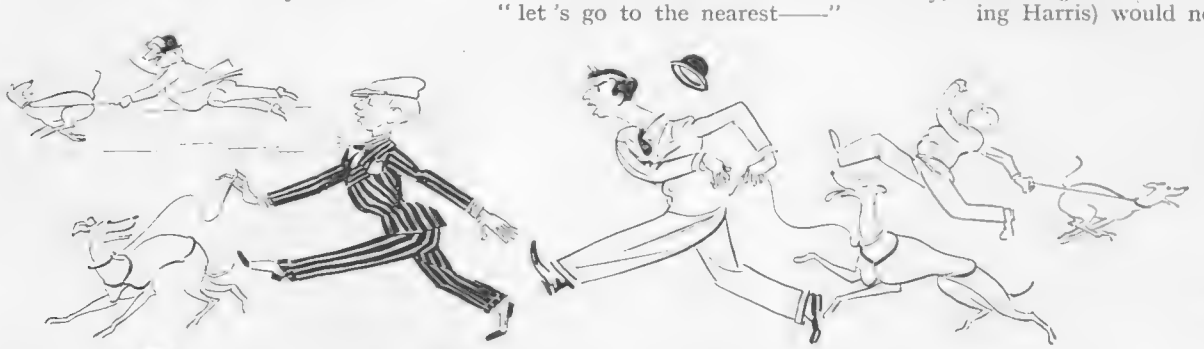
Harris looked at me in surprise.

"Seems rather a long way to go—" he began.

". . . and see some of the Greyhound Derby."

FOR a long moment there was silence. Then Harris asked me why I didn't say what I meant in the first place, and why I only wanted to see some of the Greyhound Derby. Harris said that when he started a thing he liked to see it through to a finish, that was the sort of fellow he was. Harris said he supposed what I liked to do was to go to one theatre until 9.57 p.m. and then drop in for the last half-hour at another. Apart, said Harris, from the obvious extravagance of such a habit, he (meaning Harris) would not be made a party to a party who only liked his parties in small parts.

I explained with dignity that really I had contracted no extravagant habits such as he had just described with such eloquence, and that he would find it quite impossible to see more than some of the Greyhound Derby at the White City that evening.



This shows Messrs. Sammy Johnson and W. Honeywill exercising their dogs. Also (without extra charge) a sight of unknown dogs in the background exercising their unknown owners

The Ideal Place for a Family Flutter

"We want two shillings on the dog with brown eyes, pink nose, and beige body"

HARRIS drew himself up to his full height, and said that if I proposed to insult him he would walk alone on the other side of the street. And, in any case, he could see me under the table any hour of the week, including days not officially declared as Stock Exchange holidays.

"No," I said to Harris, "you 've got it all wrong."

"That 's just as well," said Harris. "for if I haven't, you 'll get it in a way you 'll think all wrong."

"Stop preparing for war," I said, "and listen. You can't see the whole of the Derby in one night for the very good reason that it is run in heats—too many dogs are entered for it to take place in one go. Now do you understand?"

Harris signified that he did understand, but suggested that he had

Our friend the hare is the cause of a little feeling among the favourites at the moment

heard greyhound-racing spoken of rather badly.

"Somebody said," said Harris, "that they dope the dogs."

I knew the answer to that one:

"If you can tell me a dope guaranteed to act to within thirty seconds of a time fixed more than two hours before it is administered, perhaps they do. Not otherwise."

HARRIS asked if this was going to be a lecture. I said, No, it wasn't. Harris said, Why not? The spots were practically appearing. I said then they must belong to him, because it still wasn't.

I got on a very high horse and waited with my nose in the air. I knew that Harris would not be able to resist it.

"I say," said Harris suddenly, as we walked along the street, "why isn't it possible? What d'you mean about the delayed-action dope? Couldn't a man . . . oh, I beg your pardon, Miss . . . get at a dog just before the race and dot him a spot from a syringe?"

"Talking of spots——" said I.

"I apologise," said Harris.

I got off the high horse.

"And talking of spots——" said I.

"All right," said Harris.

WHEN we were seated and Harris had done the necessary, I told him all about it.

"You see," I said, "the dogs are taken from their trainers and locked up in kennels for two hours before the race starts. They are also examined very carefully by veterinary surgeons——"

"Vets?" asked Harris.

"Yes."

"Well, say so," said Harris.

"——and any unfit dog or suspected dog is not allowed to run. They then run their race and are returned to their trainers."

Harris approved of these arrangements. Harris said that that being the case, he withdrew the allegations on behalf of whoever had made them, the name of the allegator he regretted for the moment misremembering.

"You've forgotten his name?" I asked.

"Yes."

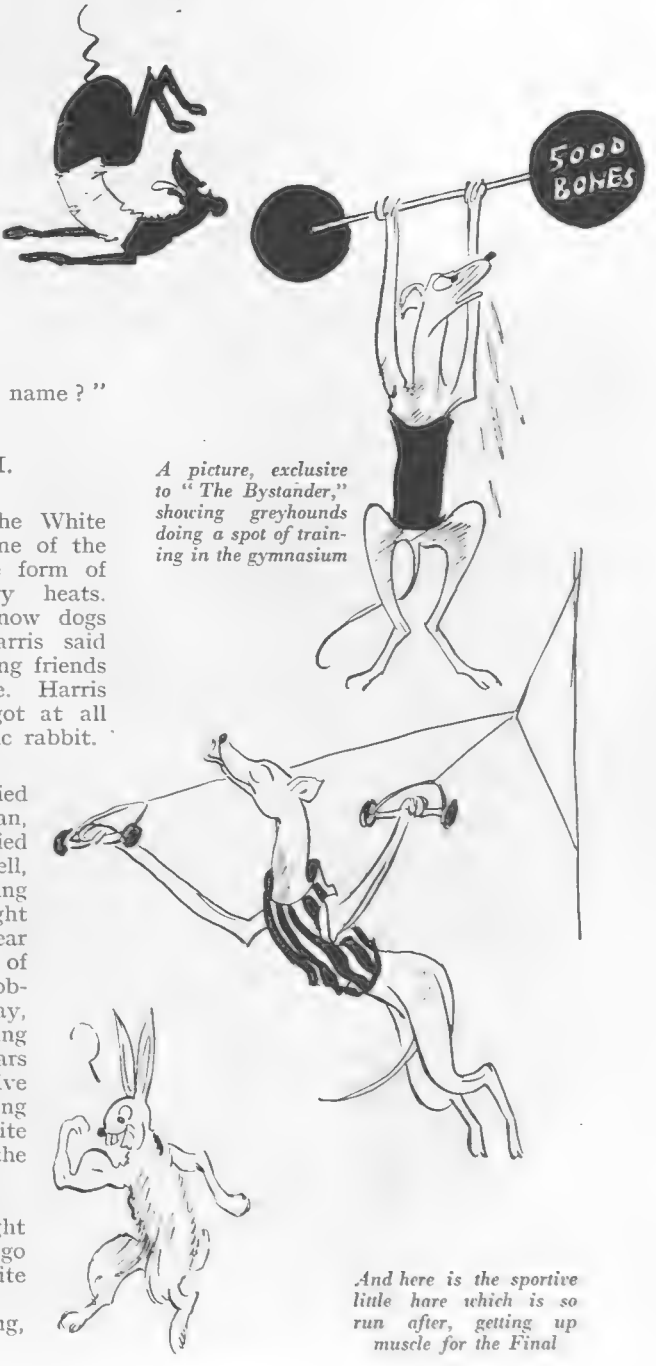
"Well, say so," said I.

WE went down to the White City. We saw some of the Greyhound Derby in the form of two of the preliminary heats. Harris said he didn't know dogs could run so fast. Harris said he'd make a point of being friends with greyhounds in future. Harris wondered if they ever got at all tired of chasing an electric rabbit.

I MUST say that worried me a bit, too. I mean, even if I were supplied with regular meals as well, I should hate to go chasing caviare night after night without even getting near enough to catch a sniff of sturgeon. But the dogs, obviously, don't feel that way, for they have been chasing the hare for over four years now. Perhaps they give them a spot of the real thing now and again: it is quite obvious that they like the racing.

HARRIS and I thought we would certainly go to the Final at the White City.

We liked the racing, too.



A picture, exclusive to "The Bystander," showing greyhounds doing a spot of training in the gymnasium

And here is the sportive little hare which is so run after, getting up muscle for the Final

Books of the Day

A Startling Statement ! : By "Junius"

SURELY some answer will have to be made to a statement in *The Dissolution of an Empire* (Murray; 15s.), by Meriel Buchanan (Mrs. Knowling). The writer is the daughter of the late Sir George Buchanan, our Ambassador at Petrograd when the Revolution broke out. She gives vivid pictures of Petrograd Society before the war, the days of war, and then definitely states that Mr. Lloyd George was responsible for a refuge in England being refused to the Tsar and Tsaritsa and their family.

King George, she says, telegraphed to General Sir John Hanbury-Williams, his military representative at the Russian Headquarters, directly he heard of the Tsar's abdication, urging him to come to England, and saying that a vessel would be placed at his disposal. When the telegram arrived, the Tsar was already under arrest in his own palace. Sir John, therefore, sent the telegram to Sir George Buchanan, asking him to deliver it. But, as there was no possibility of getting the telegram directly to the Tsar, Sir George could only take it to Monsieur Milivkoff, who, after promising to give it to the Tsar, refused.

Sir George Buchanan has been accused by several writers of having held back the telegram, and was unable, after his retirement, to clear himself because of the Official Secrets Act and a threatened stopping of his pension.

Another telegram came from King George, offering hospitality and shelter to the Imperial family. Arrangements were made secretly for their journey by the Provisional Government because opposition to their departure was feared from the Soviet. Through the good offices of a neutral country, Germany had promised to allow the cruiser on which they were to cross to England to pass unmolested.

A FORTNIGHT later, another telegram came. "I have had news from England," said Sir George to his wife and daughter. "They refuse to let the Emperor come over. They say that it is wiser to discourage the idea of the Imperial family coming to England. The Government are nervous of any interior unrest leading to strikes in the shipyards, the coal-mines or munition factories. There has been a certain amount of revolutionary talk in Hyde Park, the Labour Party declare they will make the workmen down tools if the Emperor is allowed to land. They have told me to tell the Provisional Government to cancel all arrangements. . . . They are afraid, that is the truth of it; they are afraid."

Then the writer states definitely that Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, was responsible. She says, "Since those days Mr. Lloyd George has had ample time for reflection, and it is impossible not to feel sorry for a man whose mind must be burdened with the memory of the ghastly mistakes he has made in his attitude to Russia, mistakes which have not only led to political troubles in this country, but which have caused him, owing to his political position, to be involved in the wholesale disasters to the Russian Imperial family."

I wonder what Mr. Lloyd George will say in answer to this startling statement.

WHY, I wonder, has Frances, Countess of Warwick, hidden her novelist's light for all these years?

Lassalle

Meriel Buchanan

(Mrs. Knowling), daughter of the late Sir George Buchanan, who has had published by John Murray "The Dissolution of an Empire," reviewed on this page

We have had two volumes of memoirs from her pen of the gay and spacious Marlborough House days, when King Edward was Prince of Wales, and of later Edwardian times. But, myself, I think Lady Warwick writes a novel better than she writes memoirs. *Branch Lines* (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.), her first novel, might be the work of a practised writer of fiction.

Although it follows the now fashionable line—the story of succeeding generations—each period is so accurate, so *documenté*, so to speak, that each of the three parts into which the story is divided is reality. Each period, too, has its own atmosphere. First, the little German principality of Drachenfels, with its repercussion after the French Revolution. Then, London of the Regency, where Count von Boden and his son, Danilo, take refuge after their escape from a Drachenfels mob intent on killing the father. And, for the end, Australia. A widespread canvas, with Edmund Kean, the great actor, figuring in its second setting.

Danilo von Boden runs away with an English girl. Circumstances force them on to the stage. Here, Lady Warwick's description of the lives of strolling players of that time couldn't be bettered. Their daughter, Fanny, becomes a great actress. The best scene in the book is the account of Kean's last appearance on the stage. Fanny is the Desdemona to his Othello. In describing Kean's death at that performance, Lady Warwick has used history to most effective purpose.

There is one weakness in the plot. Fanny's grandson, Anthony, becomes a brilliant barrister in Australia, inheriting much of her histrionic talent. But he proposes to the daughter of a man who has wronged him cruelly, and whose acquittal he has gained, within a few days of having been refused by another girl. This, to my mind, spoils the end of the story. It would have been much more effective, and certainly more human, for Anthony to have had only one love. However, it is an excellent novel; what is called "real romance."

WERE the shades of Wycherley and Congreve, hovering over Mr. James Laver when he was writing *Nymph Errant* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)?

Actually, it is a Restoration comedy with modern actors and actresses. Its heroine, Evangeline, two-and-a-half centuries ago would have been called Millamant. As it is, she leaves her boarding-school at Geneva—"paradise of typist-secretaries, purgatory of young diplomats, refuge of exiles, hope of mankind"—to return to a maiden aunt who lives in north Oxford.

But the journey covers a whole year. And in that year Evangeline—on most occasions without even a tooth-brush—goes to Deauville with a French impresario; to Paris with a Russian student; with a young German to a colony in Austria where nobody wears anything at all. A high and mighty personage takes her, also tooth-brushless, to his castle, and to Venice. There he loses her at écarté to a Greek merchant of Smyrna. The Turks take Smyrna, and Evangeline is sent to another harem, whose owner she never sees. Ultimately, she is rescued by the most perfect prig of an American, and returns to north Oxford, as I have said, a year behind her time.

"Aren't you a little late?" says her Aunt Ermyntrude. And that, I think, is the funniest line in a book full of laughs. A brilliant, witty book, inspired, I'm sure, by Wycherley and Congreve, and with a dash of Voltaire thrown in. Here is one of many brilliant flashes: "Woman is at once the great civiliser and the eternal savage, and her secret desires are for ever incompatible. She desires to dominate and she longs to be oppressed." Another is: "You were always red-flannel at heart—darling."

Amateurs at Sandwich

The Royal St. George's Champion Cup

Douglas Grant and the Hon. Michael Scott going to the first green in the above competition, which was won by H. G. Bentley with a score of 147

T. A. Torrance

the Walker Cup captain, driving from the tenth. He was fifth in 152 strokes

E. F. Storey and R. H. Oppenheimer

Robert Harris and Major Barry

Right: Brig-Gen. A. C. Critchley, ninth, and P. C. Burton, who was not placed among the first twenty-five

Left: W. L. Hope and R. Straker

Top right: The Earl of Winchelsea and J. Beaumont Pease

Wrapt in contemplation and awaiting their turn between green and tee: Miss Leetham, Mrs. Milsom, and Lady Alness

Miss M. E. Fraser acting as desk to Mrs. J. Spencer-Muirhead

With two of the spectators: Mrs. Mellis, Mrs. J. G. Mackintosh, and Miss McKerron

The Ladies' Scottish

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—Presumably it's no news to you that I am going to inflict a weekly letter upon you on the monumental subject of women's golf? Whispers do go round the noble building that houses alike *Britannia and Eve* and THE BYSTANDER, and *Britannia and Eve* have come to the conclusion that they, being monthly, are better at frying fish that do not need dishing up quite so red-hot as golfing news. So, henceforth and for ever, O Best Beloved! as the Elephant's child says, I am going to unburden my golfing soul to you, and you and I, hand in hand, are to run all the dear, delightful *Britannia and Eve* competitions, Foursomes of the Ranelagh and Roehampton, Scottish, Northern, and Spring Medal variety, the Girls' Championship, and the monthly spoon and club competitions, for the same trophies, in the same way; and full accounts of them, and of all the other good golf, will appear instantly in your paper instead of rather a long time after in *Britannia and Eve*. Forgive my telling you these domestic details if you already know them. One more, and then to business—or, rather, pleasure. This plan comes into operation (that's officialdom for you) on Aug. 1; this week and next are just a foretaste of what we can do, so that the Scottish Foursomes shall be dealt with promptly.

THIS means that the Scottish Foursomes 1932 will be the last under the old name. But I have no intention of growing sentimental about it, and even if I had, it would be impossible. As a competitor—and a defeated one at that—has just said to me between spasms of laughing: "Oh, dear! if one really wants to have a funny time, come to *Eve* Foursomes." She, by the way . . . But that is another story.

IF anybody thinks that Scottish golfers are dour or unfriendly; if they think, because I'm near Aberdeen, stories of banging sixpences are inevitable, or because this is Scotland that it is necessarily raining, they had better quickly come here and learn otherwise. The competitors, winners and losers, are laughing so much now that I can barely hear myself type; driving through Aberdeen, the chief advertisements seemed of hairdressers and "beauticians"—a new word that pleased me not a little, and both must mean banging a lot more than sixpence; on arrival here, I not only found the green-keeper sighing for rain to save his greens from slipperiness and the competitors from consequent despair, but a competitor from one of the wettest portions of the West Coast told me that a serious water shortage was threatened in her home village. So bang goes, not saxpence, but all the traditional jokes against bonnie Scotland.

AND as for golf being a religion up here, dare I tell you that one Scotch couple, having lost their foursome out somewhere by the 13th hole, where the sea is particularly alluring and adjacent, went down on to the sands forthwith and paddled? The couple behind were commiserating inwardly on the terrible slice which must have taken them so far seawards; then they looked again and saw the truth. It was at that same 13th hole that one of the most serious couples in the whole competition—it goes without saying they were Sassenachs—were actually reduced to laughter. It happened thuswise. The reigning champion of Scotland had hit a brave but unlucky shot which somehow hung on the brink of the burn. The position of the match being somewhat desperate, demanding heroic measures, her partner nobly stepped forward and planted her feet firmly on the brink. Before she could play the shot, the bank gave way and the partner disappeared from view, first into the water and subsequently into the mud. One foot waved wildly; for one awful moment there seemed danger of submersion in the mud, head down; then the partner sat swiftly but softly down thereon, and thereafter rose, both from the mud and to the occasion, returned to the bank and played a shot which nearly halved the hole for them.

And yet some people say that golf is a tame game, devoid of danger and dull to watch!

A group of competitors, including Mrs. Wilson Hall, Mrs. Mellis, Mrs. Gordon-Bruce, Miss M. Fleming, Mrs. Richard Jones, Mrs. C. Peterkin, Mrs. Donald Davidson, Miss C. Lyon, and Mrs. W. A. Edward

The holders, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Susan Walker, beaten in the fifth round

Mrs. W. Christie and Mrs. Sydney Allen looking pleased with their chances.

Foursomes

at Cruden Bay (9th Year)

Organised by "Britannia and Eve"

FORE!

STARTING with the number of Aug 3rd, all the golfing activities of the monthly "Britannia and Eve" are to be transferred to the weekly "Bystander." Miss Eleanor E. Helme will write these pages in the "Bystander," and continue to be responsible for every competition at present run by "Britannia and Eve," namely, Northern, One-Day Medal, Scottish, Ranelagh, and Roehampton Foursomes, and the Girls' Championship. The monthly Spoon and Club Competition will also be continued by "The Bystander."

The original trophies, with their historic lists of names, will still reward the winners; the only difference will be that full, illustrated accounts of the events will appear within a few days of their conclusion, instead of several weeks

THERE was danger, too, when the head flew off Miss F. J. Morison's "grandpa," a wooden club of age unknown but proved effectiveness, but he was quickly repaired, kept his head on in the next round, and at the moment of writing looks quite capable of seeing his young friends through into the final.

Only prophecy is so rash. Twelve hours ago I would cheerfully have put money on Miss Nan Baird and Mrs. Barbour, but two hours later they were a beaten couple, done in by a marvellous putt from Mrs. Ian Bowhill right across the 18th green as a sudden change from an unpleasant visit to a bunker and the burn.

Comparing notes on their scores: Mrs. de Hamel, Mrs. W. Christie, Mrs. Watt-Duffus, Miss Alexander, and Mrs. W. A. Whitelaw

MRS. COLLINGWOOD and Miss Darling, too, looked eminently safe when they were dormy one on Mrs. Wilson Horne and Mrs. Richard Jones; so did Mrs. Ritchie and Mrs. Paterson when four up on Mrs. Crabbe and Mrs. Milne; so did the two Miss Sawers, four up and five to go on Mrs. Peterkin and Mrs. Donald Davidson. Yet they all lost. Mrs. Davidson, of course, was not Miss Betty Inglis and Scottish champion in 1927 for nothing, and with a succession of fours she and Mrs. Peterkin set about it until the match was square. How many shots were put dead of bunkers or long putts holed for the half at the 19th I should be afraid to say: I only know that Mrs. Davidson's side got home at the 20th and that that was the end of a perfect day—for them.

OF course, it is far from the end of a perfect week, but post and Press wait for no man, and whether Mrs. Davidson's or somebody else's side will take home the cups is a matter on which I should not like to venture any opinion. Only I know it will have to be a good pair and a stout-hearted one. The course, like all the best Scottish seaside courses, is too good a test of golf for weaklings to scramble home on it.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Sport with the Lid Off

Swollen Heads at Tennis—The Test Match— A Champion Runner — An Amazing Boxer

I could, without difficulty, be extremely provocative about this Wimbledon tennis business which is going on just now, for the fuss we make over lawn-tennis always seems to me ridiculous. What is more, I find these champion tennis players, with their airs and graces, very tedious people—swollen-headed, spoilt and childish. From this rather sweeping and liverish generalisation I would except H. W. Austin, who is as modest and agreeable as most of his fellow-pat-ballers are conceited and irritating.

But I suppose the tennis player is a victim of the modern craze of sensationalism in sport. He is put on a pedestal by the newspapers, and only a very level-headed young man, or woman, could keep a sense of proportion and a sense of humour in the glare of publicity.

I don't pretend to be a tennis expert, nor do I very much care who wins the men's singles at Wimbledon, but I must say that young Ellsworth Vines, the American, impressed me very much when I saw him practising. His service is formidable indeed, and he seems to have the right temperament for the big occasion. Having said so much about him, he will probably have been beaten by the time these notes appear, as he was at Queen's Club.

ABOUT next Saturday's Test match at Lord's I can write much more happily, for cricket is still one of the grandest of games. What is more, these Indians have been shaping much better on the fast wickets, and the way they trounced the Lancashire bowling last week was exciting. It would be glorious if they flogged the English attack in the same way, and really gave us something to beat.

A great deal depends on the toss in this match, for if All-India bat first, and rattle up a big score, they may surprise us, but they are apt to lose heart rather quickly, and a day in the field against batsmen like Hammond and Jardine might break them up.

Polo at

An incident during the game between Challenge Cup was played off

Another Record-Breaker

J. F. Cornes (Oxford U.A.C.), on the left, congratulating J. E. Lovelock, also of Oxford, on beating the world's record by running the three-quarter mile in 3 min. 2 1-5th sec. Lovelock is a New Zealander

Pity the Poor Essex Bowlers!

Yorkshire went in to bat against Essex at Leyton last week with their usual pair, Holmes, seen backing up, and Sutcliffe, playing a ball from Nichols. The famous pair, batting all one day and part of the next, put on 555 for the first-wicket partnership. Record!

I wonder, incidentally, if there is anything in the theory that Indian batsmen see the ball a shade quicker than our English players? I doubt it, though Duleepsinhji always maintains that the theory is true, at least as far as he is concerned, and his batting sometimes seems to bear this out. One thing is certain, however, that even Duleepsinhji does not see the ball more clearly than Hammond, who is supposed never to watch the bowler's hand, since he can tell which way the ball will break by watching it spin through the air. If this is true, it explains satisfactorily why I can never really hope to be quite as good a player as Hammond. I doubt, indeed, whether the average batsman does much more than play instinctively at the spot where he imagines the ball will pitch. As for watching its spin in the air—well, I ask you!

THIS young Lovelock, by the way, seems to be an amazing runner, and those who should know tell me that he may do even better when he improves his arm-action slightly. Still, his world's record of 3 min. 2⅕ sec. for the three-quarter-mile is enough to be going on with, and he might have lopped a little off this if the final straight had been clear of the runners who led him on handicap. These framed handicaps are unsatisfactory for record attempts, and I hope they will be abandoned in future.

NOT so satisfactory are affairs in the boxing world, for there was considerable controversy over the verdict of a draw between Nel Tarleton, of Liverpool, and Al Brown, the Panama negro, who holds the world's bantam-weight championship. I think myself that the verdict was fair, though Tarleton certainly did unexpectedly well. This Brown is an amazing fellow, for although he can fight at 8 st. 6 lb., he stands 5 ft. 11 in., and has the reach of a gorilla and the punch of a pile-driver.

Then there was the fiasco between Gorilla Jones, another negro, and Marcel Thil, of France, for the

Roehampton

Ibique and Osmaston when the first round of the Open t Roehampton. Osmaston won by ten goals to six

world's middle-weight championship. Gorilla Jones lost on a foul after a very poor fight. Let us hope that the Thil—Len Harvey fight on July 4 at the White City will be better.

Harvey, as a matter of fact, beat Thil four years ago, and would, I believe, beat him again without much trouble, but I shudder to think what Mickey Walker would have done to either of them.

AND now I must confess to a serious omission from my previous article, for I failed to celebrate the new coarse-fishing season, which opened last Thursday. This was odd, for June 16 is a red-letter day in my calendar, and sets me dreaming of deep rivers on a summer evening, and the dip of a quill float.

A "Plum" gathered at Lord's

Much to the delight of his many friends and admirers, P. F. Warner (seen above) captained the M.C.C. at Lord's against the South Americans. He showed extraordinary activity in the field, considering his 59 years

Yielding Vines

H. E. Vines, the American Champion, who is playing at Wimbledon this week. He was beaten at the Queen's Club Tournament by the Australian, H. O. Hopman, 6—0, 2—6, 3—6, after being given a fright in the previous round by R. J. Ritchie

Greyhound Racing (*Continued from next column*)

I WOULD not be at all surprised to find that this was so, for there are a great many people who will go to watch a magnificent specimen of anything performing with that efficiency expected of it. In the case of this dog he is not merely as fast, if not faster, than any other, but he is also as game as dogs are made, and as ready to fight out a finish to the last gasp and the last yard as any dog ever yet raced on a track. It is here, perhaps, that Future Cutlet's popularity really lies, for those who gamble realise that whatever the result of the race they are at least going to have a good run for their money, and those who do not gamble always admire a stouthearted finisher. In Future Cutlet's case, great speed is combined with greatheartedness: the dog combines gameness with brilliance—and brilliance is always scintillating and attractive.

Greyhound Racing

By White Citizen

The White City Club

A corner of the White City Club, showing some of the members, a large percentage of whom are women, watching the greyhound racing on the Shepherd's Bush Track, while dining

THE words which I am writing now will appear in the issue of THE BYSTANDER published just three days before the Final of the Derby is to be run at the White City. Unfortunately, the demands of the printers make it impossible for me to write this at a time when I will know which dogs have won their way to the Final; and in greyhound racing, as in all other forms of racing, it is most unwise to assume that any particular dog, no matter how hot a favourite, will reach that stage.

BUT I find it very hard indeed to believe that two of the dogs whom all of you will be watching with such avid anxiety on Saturday evening will not be the present favourite and second favourite—Future Cutlet and Wild Woolley. It is now history that these two dogs drew together in the same heat in the first round, and Future Cutlet, in one of the greatest races seen at the White City or, indeed, on any other track in recent years, finished just one length ahead of Wild Woolley. In doing so he put up a new world's record for the distance. Even if these two dogs are unlucky enough to draw each other again in the next heats, they are practically bound to finish first and second, and both thus qualify for the Final, but it is by no means certain that they will finish in the same order as they finished before. Wild Woolley ran a match against Future Cutlet not so very long ago, and the distance separating them at the finish was even less than in the Derby heat; and although this makes it twice in succession that Future Cutlet has been successful, still, third time may be lucky for Wild Woolley.

IT is interesting to note the immense popularity of Future Cutlet at the White City. There was an enormous crowd for the third and fourth heats of the Derby—the largest crowd of the year up to that day—and practically everyone had come in the hope of seeing Future Cutlet win. The cheering at the finish was eloquent testimony of the sympathies of those present, and was as great a demonstration of affectionate regard as a crowd has ever given to a dog. If Future Cutlet goes through and wins the Derby, then his victory will be very popular indeed, not merely because he will almost certainly start favourite and many will stand to win financially from the result, but also because a great many people who never have a bet have grown to think of Future Cutlet with affection. If, on the other hand, he does not compete in the Final through some completely unforeseen accident in his semi-final heat, then I would not be in the least surprised to hear that the attendance on the night of the Final is affected. It would be interesting to have the figures at the meetings where Future Cutlet runs, and to find if the attendances on those nights when he appears are any greater than the average.

(*Continued at foot of previous column*)

CARS with a Personality:

No. 8. The 17 h.p. Vauxhall "Cadet"

By

The Earl of Cardigan

A substantial and good-looking car, this Vauxhall "Cadet" sunshine saloon represents most remarkable value at £295

The front view, with the new deep radiator and characteristic slim Vauxhall "lines," is particularly imposing and pleasing

A very convenient feature is that the tools are carried in a compartment under the scuttle. Here they are readily accessible, and completely protected from rust and dirt

THE Vauxhall "Cadet" is, I suppose, one of the most completely practical cars that I have ever driven. It was, I take it, designed to meet the needs of the practical man who requires comfortable, trouble-free and economical motoring, and it would certainly be difficult to find a car in which these qualities are more successfully combined.

The horse-power, for instance, is exactly that which may be relied upon to give a good performance with really substantial and commodious coachwork. The nature of this performance, moreover, is that which the average man is most likely to appreciate. Good acceleration is available at low speeds, and a very high degree of silence and smoothness is maintained at the 40-50-m. p. h. cruising speed which most of us adopt on main-road runs.

THE gear-box, again, is more practical than most, since it can be used with advantage by any driver, experienced or otherwise. It includes what is described as a "synchro-mesh" device, by means of which one pinion is automatically speeded up or slowed down to the speed at which it can be cleanly meshed with another. This is effected by a small clutch which, in the latest models, acts instantaneously and quite silently whenever either second or top gear is engaged.

A good point is that, outwardly, this gear-box differs in no way from the normal, so that the experienced driver has nothing new to learn. He can, and will, forget that any auxiliary device is fitted. The novice, on the other hand, will find that his most ambitious gear-changes are achieved with absolute certainty and ease. Knowing this, he will not hesitate to change down whenever the engine requires it (which will not be often), and thus this three-speed 'box is likely to prove of more practical use to him than the majority of four-speed units.

THE steering is good, and the springing excellent, so that the car always rides easily upon the road. Best of all, in my opinion, is the braking system—a fact for which I was not unprepared. The many Vauxhall models I have driven in recent years, varying in other ways, have in one respect been remarkably consistent: in the efficiency, and in the light, smooth, progressive action of their brakes.

The saloon coachwork is good-looking, comfortable and roomy. It is designed to seat four, and is quite well able to accommodate four large twelve-stone, six-foot adults. If the passengers are slim, three can sit abreast on the back seat, the arm-rests of which are specially recessed. A substantial luggage-grid is a standard fitting, and the tools are carried, free from rust and dirt, in a locker just behind the engine.

In price, the "Cadet" is once more a thoroughly practical proposition. Indeed, with saloon models selling at £285, it represents very exceptional value for money at a time when good value is being very keenly sought.

The back seat is thoroughly comfortable. The arm-rests are recessed to give extra space, and, in addition, disappearing foot-rests are fitted into the floor

The driving position is comfortable, and the controls well placed. The sliding roof and adjustable windscreen make the car particularly cool and airy

FATHER WILLIAM

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll & Robert Southey)

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And yet you're remarkably fit,
You sleep from the moment you get into bed,
Which is rare at your age, you'll admit."

"In my youth," said the Sage, "I heard many reports
That Guinness brought rest to the brain,
Since when, if depressed or a bit out of sorts,
I've drunk it again and again."

"Yes, I see," said the youth, "but there's one other thing
In which I am most interested.
You've consumed a repast rich enough for a king;
Pray, how d'you contrive to digest it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "the Guinness I drank
Kept me free from interior strife;
And the fitness for which I've got Guinness to thank
Has lasted the rest of my life."

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 250A

Breeds and Their Ways : By Lady Kitty Ritson

Shaven and Shorn

Mrs. Walpole Harvey's miniature poodles, Meriton Crêpe de Chine and Murella, at the Guildford and District Canine Society's Show

It is rather amusing to see the bewilderment of dog-owners who have always kept one particular breed of dog and who take to another breed after a time. They expect the newcomers to conform in every way to their first loves, except in looks and colouring. When they find that this is not the case they become annoyed and say: "Fido is not a bit like Jack. He isn't at all obedient, or clever, or good with his nose," or whatever particular virtue Jack may have possessed.

Now every breed has its own peculiarities, or perhaps it would be more correct to say so of every sub-division of the canine world. All breeds which belong to the same sub-division have more or less the same ways and habits.

You would probably find that collies, Alsatians, and Old English sheepdogs act in much the same manner, while elk-hounds, Samoyedes, Finks-Spets, Keeshonden, Poms, and huskies have different habits.

Mr. Ash, in his interesting and exhaustive work, "The Practical Dog Book," includes the Alsatian in the above group, but I cannot agree with this. The Alsatian belongs definitely to the same category as the other sheepdogs. There are several variations on the Continent, including the Berger Malinois, the Groenendal, and a Spanish breed called rather loosely and vaguely, "mastiffs," but which are really dogs which have been used to herd the sheep for centuries past.

You would never find the characteristics of a sheep-herding dog amongst one of the Spitz varieties. The former are, by nature, obedient almost to a fault, depending upon their master for guidance and not very inclined to take the initiative. They are apt to be suspicious and shy of strangers, and not above biting "the stranger within the gate."

It may be said that sheepdogs are full of initiative, but it is an acquired and taught initiative, if you understand what I mean. It is not the initiative of the Spitz breed, The latter are curious, even when they are alarmed, while the former prefer to remain close to their master's side. The husky sled-dog (particularly if he is a lead-dog) judges for himself, the team, and his master. It is he who knows whether the ice is safe, and whether to proceed. I much doubt whether a collie or an Alsatian would ever learn to decide for himself, he would expect his owner to take the responsibility.

All the Spitz family can be taught a reasonable amount of obedience, but they are never "slavish," as an elk-hound owner put it very aptly. A sheepdog obeys wonderfully, but almost too automatically, and is very apt to lose its head in unknown circumstances.

It therefore follows that when you acquire a new type of dog you should try to find out its peculiarities and, while remaining master, adapt your treatment to its character.

It is foolish, not to say undignified, to yell after a dog whose forte is not instant obedience, nor is it sensible to try to teach a dog to fend for itself when for hundreds of years it has been used to take commands.

Three Dandie Dinmonts photographed at the L.K.A. Show at Olympia: Bellmead Sunflower, Bellmead Darrock and Bellmead Sphinx

The Gourmet : Conducted by Emilia

COLD DISHES FOR HOT DAYS

FISH IN JELLY

***

AN ENTRÉE OF LOBSTER OR CRAY FISH

***

LAMB CUTLETS IN ASPIC

***

GRAPE FRUIT SALAD

***

CHOCOLATE CUSTARDS

Fish in Jelly

Put into a pint of stock ½ oz. of gelatine, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Place over the gas, and directly the gelatine melts whip it briskly till it boils. Simmer for half an hour, strain, and allow it almost to set. Cut up 1 lb. of cooked salmon or turbot, freed from skin and bones, and slice two hard-boiled eggs, add more jelly, fish, etc., until all the ingredients are used. Scatter chopped parsley over. When quite set, turn out, and serve with salad.

An Entrée of Lobster or Cray Fish

Line some small moulds with aspic. Put in pieces of lobster or cray-fish, cut small, then some slices of peeled tomatoes. Pound some picked shrimps with butter and enough aspic to make it set. Season well, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, the top layer being aspic. When quite set, turn out and garnish with mustard and cress, and serve with a salad.

Lamb Cutlets in Aspic

Braise a piece of neck of lamb with vegetables, herbs, etc., and put on one side to get cold. Then divide and trim neatly into cutlets. Have ready some aspic jelly dissolved, and add to it a teaspoonful of thick mint sauce. Dip the cutlets in this so that they are thickly masked. Leave till set, and serve on a dish with cold peas or asparagus, which have been cooked and laid on ice. Arrange high on the dish and pour over them some mayonnaise sauce.

Grape Fruit Salad

With a silver knife remove the pulp from two or three grape fruit. Place the grape fruit carefully on the leaves of a cos lettuce, and pour over it a seasoning composed of two tablespoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, a squeeze of lemon juice salt and pepper. Mix carefully and serve.

Chocolate Custards

Grate two cakes of chocolate into half a pint of milk, put it in a saucepan on the fire, and keep stirring till it boils. Allow it to cool a little, and add three yolks of eggs, and one white, and a little sugar. Pour into small cups. Stand the cups in a large pan of boiling water till the custard is set. Serve cold, adding whipped cream on top of each before serving.

JUNE, 1932

21st to 30th inclusive

21st **Racing.** Folkestone.
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships begin (Wimbledon).

22nd **Racing.** Newcastle and Brighton Meetings.
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon).
Cricket. M.C.C. v. Oxford University (Lords).

23rd **Racing.** Newcastle and Brighton Meetings.
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon).
Shows. Herts. Agric. Soc. (Hatfield).
Motor-Cycle Speedway Racing. England v. Australia (Wembley).

24th Midsummer Day.
Racing. Sandown and Haydock Park Meetings.
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon).
Yachting. Royal Clyde Fortnight (Rothesay).

25th **Racing.** Sandown and Haydock Park Meetings.
Shows. Royal Air Force Display (Hendon).
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon).
Greyhound Racing. Derby Final (White City).
Motoring. Shelsley Walsh Open Hill Climb.

25th **Cricket.** England v. All India Test Match (Lords).

27th **Racing.** Wolverhampton and Thurles Meetings.
Polo. Inter-Regimental Tournament (Hurlingham) Handicap Cup (Ranelagh).
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon).
Cricket. All India v. England (Lords).

28th **Racing.** Newmarket, Carlisle and Curragh Meetings.
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon).
Yachting. Royal and Suffolk Regatta (Lowestoft).
Shows. Peterborough Agric.

29th **Racing.** Newmarket, Carlisle and Curragh Meetings.
Rowing. Henley Regatta.
Shows. Peterborough Foxhound and Agric. Horse and Hound (Aldershot).
Cricket. M.C.C. v. Cambridge University (Lords). Oxfordshire v. All India (Oxford).

30th **Racing.** Newmarket, Carlisle and Curragh Meetings.
Rowing. Henley Regatta.
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships (Wimbledon).
Shows. Peterborough Agric. Horse and Hound (Aldershot).

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

The Royal Air Force at Home to the Public

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Hawker "Harts" with Rolls-Royce engines flying in formation at 200 miles an hour. Three squadrons of these machines will take off with three Auxiliary Air Force units on Westland "Wapitis" at the R.A.F. Display, Hendon, next Saturday

A Pageant in the Air

IT is unnecessary to emphasise that the Royal Air Force Display, which takes place on Saturday next, June 25, at Hendon, is the greatest pageant of its kind to be witnessed in this country or any other. What the Aldershot Tattoo is to the Army, the Hendon Display is to the R.A.F., and yet it is more than a mere spectacle of machines en masse performing the most thrilling evolutions, for the programme is packed with items of interest both for the general public and the expert. Before referring in brief to the events which will take place, it might be as well to say that accommodation has been arranged for 250,000 people, and a special force of police have instructions to give the right of way to cars bearing the official label, which can be obtained in advance. Over 200 aircraft will take part, including the fastest scouts and bombers flying at more than 200 miles an hour. Three London squadrons of the Auxiliary Air Force will write their name in the sky, in addition to which coloured smoke sky-writing—chimneys and smoke by Major Jack Savage—will be used to illustrate aerobatics on Bristol "Bulldogs."

Colour and Variety

THOSE well versed in Service matters will have no difficulty in recognising types and squadron markings, but for the others, a fully illustrated programme is available, whilst loud-speakers announce the items, results of competitions and minor changes in the order of events. The main programme commences at 3 o'clock, when the Royal Party arrives, but flying takes place from 12 noon, between which times the Headquarters Race, bomb-dropping, air combats, balloon bursting and slow flying are staged. The latter is an innovation—four Tiger Moths will endeavour to arrive last at the winning post. Two pilots on Lynx Avros will contrast the finished article and the novice, one showing how all manœuvres should be carried out, leaving the other to make every known mistake without damage to himself or the machine. Inverted aerobatics will be performed by instructors from the C.F.S. on Tiger Moths, and the twin-engined bomber, that can be looped and spun, will be attacked by no less than three scouts, presumably to make it appear more difficult to shoot it down to earth. Six or eight airmen are detailed for the high jump by parachute from Vickers "Virginias." A gliding demonstration has been arranged, three 'planes without engines being towed up to a couple of thousand feet by three Moths, after which they will be released, their pilots having to glide to the aerodrome in formation. Amongst the novelties are the Blackburn civil monoplane, the Short "Valetta," with wheels instead of floats, and numerous hush-hush bombers or troop-carriers known by number only, their engines being suitably disguised to look harmless.

Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Rodd, R.N., with Rear-Admiral A. L. Snagge, on the right, photographed at Heston on their arrival by air to see a demonstration of the Shadow-Bar Floodlight, which has been designed to make night flying safer and cheaper. Admiral Snagge is a qualified pilot and Chairman of the Royal Naval Flying Club, whilst Lt.-Com. Rodd is a well-known private owner and has entered for the King's Cup

A Midnight Party

THE Shadow-Bar demonstration at Heston, quite apart from its original function as a trade show of the most up-to-date method of aerodrome lighting, was a party attended by many people well-known in aviation. In addition to flying by the Airwork Moth and a Puss Moth borrowed from the British Air Navigation Company, night flights were made by Captain Max Findlay and Captain Ayre on one of the N.F.S. Moths, and Flight-Lieut. Jenkins and Flight-Lieut. Pope, from Hamble, on an Avro Trainer. Lieut.-Com. Geoffrey Rodd arrived from a dinner party with Admiral Snagge, and Miss Winifred Spooner brought Mr. Lindsay Everard from Leicester. The wind was blowing across the aerodrome at right angles to the floodlight, so the "shadow" was kept busy from 10.15 until nearly one in the morning, chasing machines from one boundary to the other. Amongst those who made flights were Major Brackley, who is Air Superintendent of Imperial Airways, Captain W. L. Hope, of Air Taxis, Mr. Alan Eadon, who is leaving for India shortly to take up an official post in civil aviation, Sq.-Leader Lawrence, liaison officer for the Dominion of Canada, and Captain Lamplough, who controls aviation insurance.

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Horticultural Show: Aug. 17 to 20. Golf Week: Aug. 30 to Sept. 3.

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To those who know anything about the bases of the principles of rejuvenating and conservative beauty culture, it will come as a truism that youth, apparent and actual, depends on healthy circulation of the blood, which continuously revitalises tissues and muscles, keeps the skin from drying, sagging, and wrinkling, and prevents the formation of unsightly adipose tissue. Most scientific and successful beauty treatments are therefore devised to stimulate the natural circulation by one means or another.

One of these, recently launched in London by the Countess Csáky, herself a certificated radiologist and possessed of medical qualifications, is based on sound anatomical and dermatological principles and deserves attention and explanation.

THE treatment given at her beautiful little salons in Dover Street is the result of long experience and experiment in famous Viennese laboratories. It is a serious and, primarily, a stimulating process, and the only "beauty preparations" used during the treatment are a cleansing cream and a tonic lotion.

The treatment begins, as all sound beauty treatments should, with a thorough cleansing of the skin. This is effected by

a gentle steaming with a special, electrically-operated glass bell. A little cup, containing a liquid specific, adds to the steam its beneficent vapour. When the pores have thus been opened, to allow all impurities to be evacuated, mild sun-ray is applied.

The time allotted to the curative rays is strictly timed by an accurate chronometer. The rays are only given for a very short time when the skin is fair and delicate; they can be longer supported by thicker and more oily skins, and are administered for a maximum of ten minutes when used medically as a cure for acne or other skin eruptions.

AFTER this preparatory part of the programme is completed, special massage is given by means of what is, I believe, in this country, a unique electrical apparatus. The electricity actuates the apparatus and regulates the strength of the massage and vibration, but no current actually reaches the patient.

The fitments consist of a series of little cups, each suited to a particular part of the face, which, as they are passed over the skin, exercise a gentle sucking action which draws the blood up into underlying tissues and muscles with undeniable rejuvenating effect. There is also a spherical vibrator which breaks down superfluous fat cells and "moves on" the fat so that it is absorbed and carried away, and at the same time the muscles are made firm, which is marvellously effective in curing double chins and loss of contour.

ANOTHER clever device used by Countess Csáky in her treatments, which is, as far as I know, new to London, is the literal *ironing out* of wrinkles! Cream is applied thickly under a pad of cotton-wool and then a tiny heated iron is passed over the pad, under which are the wrinkles it is desired to smooth out.

The whole treatment, which is only given by the Countess herself, or skilled and experienced operators, lasts an hour. A course, during which two treatments a week are given at first and then one at increasing intervals, has a remarkable and lasting rejuvenating effect, because not only is the epidermis thoroughly cleansed and revitalised, but the underlying muscles and tissues being firmed and nourished by the circulatory stimulation, the conditions of youth itself are re-established.

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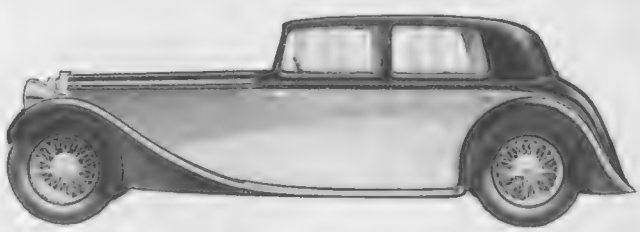

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Holiday in the Highlands

Holidays in Britain are still in fashion, both for patriotic and financial reasons; those who have decided to be fashionable and who think of going to Scotland, will surely choose Inverness-shire, and, narrowing their choice, as they should, to Aviemore, will find that they have arrived at the Aviemore Hotel. The hotel is on the main road between Perth and Inverness, 700 feet above the sea, and looks south and east to the Cairngorm Mountains, the peaks of which are but half a day's journey away. It is fully modern, with electric light and lift, and many of the bedrooms have their private bathrooms. There are two hard tennis-courts in the grounds, a private 9-hole golf-course on sandy soil, and trout fishing in Loch Baladeran close by, free to visitors to the hotel. Permits can be obtained to fish the Spey, Druie, and Binnie, and Loch an Eilean and Loch Gamhna. There is a home farm of 1200 acres, over which visitors may walk at will. From the middle of July, to the middle of September, is the "season" at Aviemore, and terms at the hotel are lower before and after those dates. Seton Gordon, who knows Strathspey and the Cairngorm country better, perhaps, than anyone, says that May and June are the best months of the year there, but either in June, when "the scent of the Aviemore birches is one of the most exquisite things in Nature," or in August, when the heather comes into its glory, Aviemore and its hotel can offer as much to the holiday-maker as any other place that could be chosen.

An Athletic Meeting

The Distillers' Sports Club, composed of members of the London staffs of the companies embodied in the Distillers Company, Ltd., held its second Annual Athletic Meeting at East Moseley Court early this month. The meeting, consisting of thirty-five events, was carried out in five minutes under the scheduled time—surely a record; it included several humorous events which much amused the six-hundred odd spectators. The "Harvey" Cup for inter-office events was won by the United Yeast Company, the runners-up being Messrs. John Walker and Sons, Ltd., and a member of the former firm, Mr. J. R. Coulling, retained the "Connell" Cup for the best individual athlete. The prizes were presented by Lady Forteviot. Later, two concerts were given, most of the performers being members of the various staffs, and the programme of the day finished with dancing.

At the Distillers' Sports Club Athletic Meeting: Mr. William Harrison, Mrs. T. Wilkinson, Mr. T. Wilkinson, Lady Forteviot, who presented the prizes, Lord Forteviot, Mrs. T. H. Harvey and Mr. T. H. Harvey

A Guide for Motorists

A publication which is thoroughly appropriate to this time of year is The Dunlop Guide to Great Britain. To the man or woman who is planning a motoring holiday, whether for a brief week-end from London or for a two or three weeks' tour of the more distant countrysides, no more invaluable companion can be found, for it contains every sort of information and suggestion for the motorist. There are thirty-one pages of maps with main and secondary roads clearly marked, and mileage figures given between towns. The section dealing with towns and places of interest is alphabetically arranged; street plans of the larger towns are included, and hotels and repairers given are those recommended by the A.A. and R.A.C., with certain others of proved merit. A further section deals with such miscellaneous subjects as traffic signals, local motor clubs, and associations, ferries, steep hills, and the highway code. In short, it is agreed that the Dunlop Guide fulfils its claim that it "makes straight the way for all road-users."

A Postponement

The Noble Arts Ball, in aid of the Paddington Branch of the Children's Invalid Aid Society, which was postponed from June 7 will be held on June 28 at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1.

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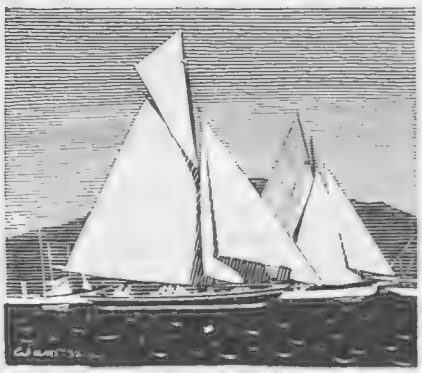

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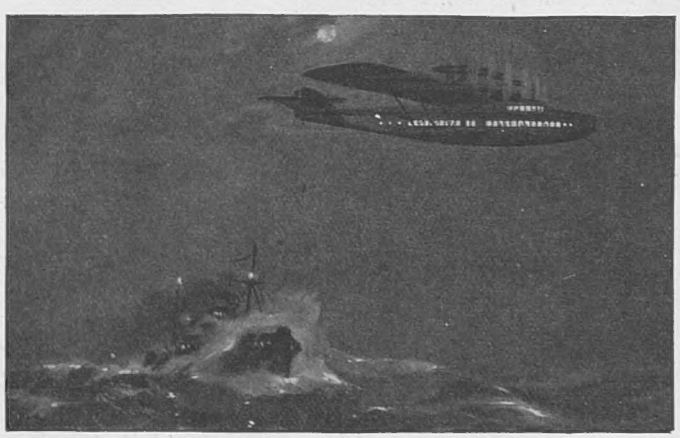

The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

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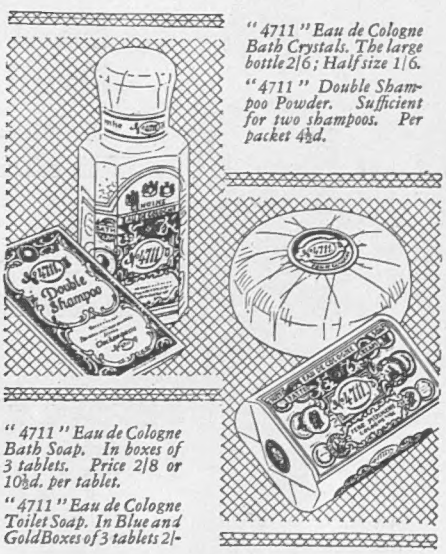

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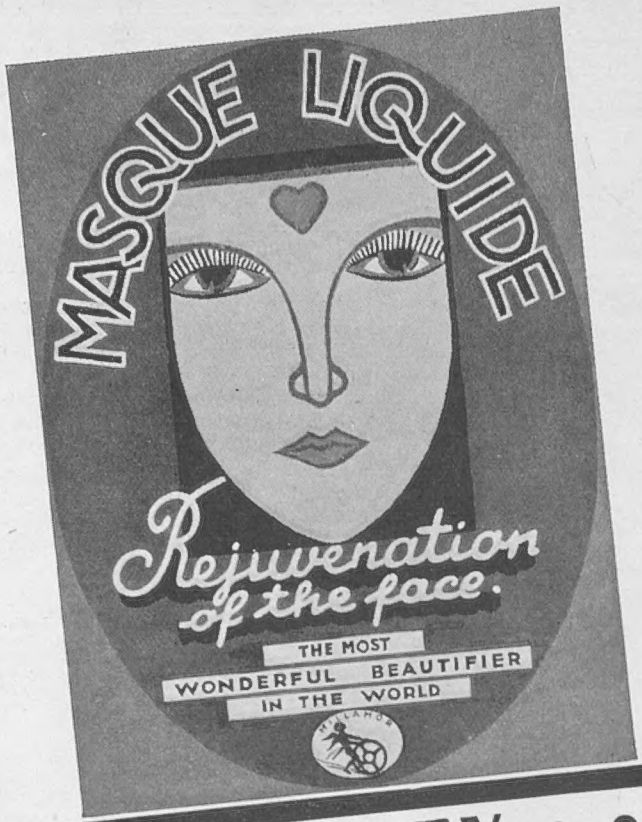

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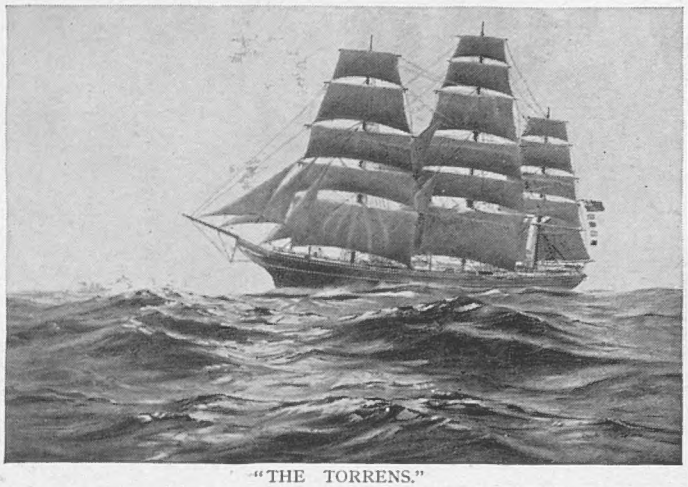

"THE TORRENS."

This picture has a particular interest, inasmuch as the great novelist, Joseph Conrad, sailed in her as First Mate. Also companion subject, The "ROSS-SHIRE."

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The receipt of the above letter resulted in our discovering a very *limited number* of sets of these world-famous cartoons, which to-day have lost none of their clever, though grim, humour. Now is your opportunity to secure one of these sets for your "den," and for your boys to see the kind of humour that helped us through the War. These pictures are ideal for presentation for decorative purposes in Ex-Service Men's Clubs.

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WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR

SOAP

6d. per tablet.

Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

It wouldn't happen now

1836:—"Ye tragedy of poor Craven[1] is ye talk of all to-day. He had confided in me that he wd be deeply involved if ye Bay[2] shd win, but I had scarce thought he wd be so far committed as to seek refuge in blowing out his brains. By comparison, my own loss by ye failure of Gladiator[3] to beat Ld J's[4] crack hardly merits recording."

1. The Hon. Berkeley Craven.
2. Bay Middleton, the winner of the Derby in 1836.
3. Second in that race.
4. Lord Jersey (6th Earl), owner of Bay Middleton.

Lady Angela: "By Jove, Ted, they went the whole hog in those days, didn't they?"

Sir Edward: "Yes. If I'd been in young Craven's place I should have taken the less spectacular course of asking for time to pay. But perhaps he couldn't get it."

Lady Angela: "Couldn't get time? But, dash it all — surely his bookie couldn't have . . . . . "

Sir Edward: "Angela, my dear, where history is concerned you must *not* think in terms of 'Duggie.' There wasn't the House of Stuart for poor Craven to bet with, and it's more than probable that his creditors *would* have pressed him."

Lady Angela: "Then all I can say is that I should have been simply terrified of doing any betting at all. Thank heaven I live in a day when I can back my fancy without losing my peace of mind."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2